

F O R T E S C U E ;

O R, T H E

S O L D I E R ' S R E W A R D .

FORTESCUE;

OR, THE

SOLDIER'S REWARD:

A

CHARACTERISTIC

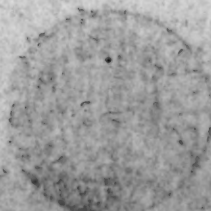
NOVEL.

IN ONE VOLUME.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR MESS. P. BYRNE, P. WOGAN, J. MOORE,
and B. DORNIN.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.



FOR THE USE OF

OF THE

GOVERNOR OF GERALD

TO

CHARLES

WILLIAM

OF THE

GOVERNOR OF GERALD

OF THE

THE only one which I can

offer for dedicating this Novel to the

beloved and dignified HEATHFIELD

is—that I have lived under the self-

ennobled and immortal Elliot.

D U B L I N

Printed by J. D. Moore, at the

from the field of glory, to cultivate

and improve their domestic posses-

sions.



DEDICATION.

TO
LORD HEATHFIELD,
GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR.

THE only excuse which I can offer for dedicating this Novel to the beloved and dignified HEATHFIELD is—that I have served under the self-ennobled, and immortal ELLIOT.

The victorious Romans, returned from the field of glory, to cultivate and improve their domestic possessions,

sions, or to pursue such useful avocations, as the zeal of good citizens dictated. They also sacrificed to love, and to the Gods who governed, and cemented society.

As in war, so in peace does your Lordship emulate the Roman virtues; which, while your Sovereign rewards with honors and affection, your country approves with admiration and gratitude.

I shall not apologise, for presenting to your Lordship, A TALE OF LOVE. Catullus, Ovid, and most of the ancient poets, tell, that it is the noblest passion of the soul; and that it reigns most resplendent in the soldier's breast.

As I once had the honour to be a faithful and obedient officer under
your

DEDICATION.

vii

your Lordship's command, so I will remain,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's respectful,
and devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

As I once had the honour to be a
faithful and obedient officer under
Your

DECEMBER 1870
Your Lordship's commands, to I will
obey.

My Lord
Your Lordship's respectful
and devoted servant,
THE AUTHOR.



FORTESCUE;

OR, THE

SOLDIER'S REWARD.

LIEUTENANT FORTESCUE

TO THE

REV. G. GOODWILL.

Salisbury, 3d March, 178—

ATEDIOUS march is ill suited to the present state of my mind. O Goodwill! my much valued friend, I pray you, bear my weakness!—I cannot chase Belinda from my mind, and your advice is lost in the wreck of my poor brain. The mirth of the mess serves but to feed my melancholy; for while my brother officers, as each dreary day tediously revolves, with additional anxiety look forward to the place of our
B destination,

destination, I silently lament the increasing distance from my love.

Our commanding officer is inclined to favour my absence; but, like every one in power, cannot, at all times, obey the dictates of his Heart. This malady of my mind, for some time, he attributed to an infirmity of body. His affectionate solicitude demanded gratitude; I therefore ingenuously told him from what source my sadness sprang. Colonel Garton has a mind exalted as his rank. “The power of
“love,” answered the Colonel, is unconquerable. I myself have experienced its
“fullest extent; but, alas! I was not long
“in possession of the dear object of my passion—the moment she became a mother,
“she was no more. Heaven gained an angel, but earth lost a treasure, and I, my
“only joy. My child, it’s true, survived.
“—The Almighty, to mitigate my grief,
“has blessed her with those endowments,
“which render the vale of years, in the
“parent, the most happy. Had her mother’s grave also received her, I should
“have had enough of this world—I would
“have laid down the trophies of war, sequestered myself in an humble cottage,
“and numbered out my days, ambitious
“only in the hopes of meeting my love in
“paradise. But as fate still left me charg-
“ed



“ed with a sacred duty, I now live for my
“child—for her I still endure the drudgery
“of a soldier’s life. This however shall
“be my last campaign, for I will not longer
“live from my child. Can I then hear
“of sufferings in love, and not sympathise
“in the pleasing pain? Go to her, break
“the chains that bind you, and dispel the
“gloom that overshades a lively disposition,
“and I think I may add a noble mind.”

I know not wherefore I should command the opinion, nay, the confidence of my superiors, for my follies have been without number, and my good qualities few indeed. But so it is. Colonel Garton, who has only had our command three months, singled me out, as his intimate; and you know, that General——, who lately left us on promotion, has insisted on my following him to the — regiment of foot. I know of no recommendation, except my aversion to debauchery, and, in truth, that is not a merit; for my constitution, though strong enough to undergo the severest campaign, cannot endure midnight potations.

I pray you write to me of Belinda. You, who have an intimacy with mankind and who know each secret of my heart, will at least pity the wretched

W. FORTESCUE.

ENSIGN WANTMAN—

TO

LIEUTENANT FORTESCUE.

SIR,

I AM told you have got leave to go to London ; now I must tell you, that I think myself ill used—demme. You know it is my turn for leave, and if you go, I'll have a pink at you—demme. I owe you a grudge ever since you called me puppy at Coxheath, and now I'll make you pay for all, may I never drink another bottle if I don't. Puppy to you again. D—n it, Sir, what do you mean ? I'll have satisfaction before you budge an inch from Quarters, split me if I don't, and I insist on an answer as soon as possible, from —

Your humble Servant,

ENSIGN WANTMAN.

King's Head, half past 12 at night.

P. S. Remember I only mean the above if you go to London.

COLONEL

COLONEL GARTON

T O

LIEUTENANT FORTESCUE.

4th March, —

DEAR SIR,

I TRUST, I shall not want your credit in believing, that it is with the most exquisite pain I am obliged to retract the leave of absence I gave you yesterday. Power is often inimical to merit, for I find it a painful task, even in my small office, to fulfil the principles of my duty, without wounding my feelings. The smallest partiality subjects a commanding officer to cavillings; and sows the seeds of dissention. 'Tis strange, how our conversation of yesterday could so soon get abroad; for ere I had sat down to breakfast this morning, I was favoured with a visit from half a dozen of our striplings, remonstrating on my indulgence to you. One of the n, who on a former occasion, extorted my marked censure, animadverted on you with a freedom, which I was obliged to reprobate, as an unwarrantable liberty taken in my presence. My
mortification

mortification at being both obliged to hear, and acquiesce in their remonstrance, is far less painful to me than my feelings for you. It is true I might use my own discretion, but as my duty will not suffer me to act unworthy of my command, so my heart repels what is foreign to the duties of a man. As the routine has not revolved since your last absence, I fear all I have to offer you, is a recommendation of that ragged virtue—patience; but in services where I am not shackled by military duty, you may freely command of

GEORGE GARTON.

JOHN

JOHN WORTHY, ESQ.

TO

BELINDA WORTHY.

— Lodge, March, 17—

MY DEAR BELINDA,

YOU will wonder to find the tenor of my letters suddenly changed; I must therefore be explanatory. By a mere accident, and from a mere stranger, I heard that you have listened to the advances of a lover. It was unkind in you not to impart to me, a circumstance on which your future fate so entirely depends; but your want of confidence shall never cause me to relax in the duties I owe to the sacred charge I have undertaken. The trust reposed in me by your father, entitles me to assume the office of a Mentor; but, independant of that, I find myself sanctioned by consanguinity, by experience, and by age; but, above all, by real and disinterested friendship.

The man of honourable pursuits, who offers you his hand, selects you from your sex as the companion of his heart—the partaker of his pleasures—and his fellow sufferer in misfortunes. If therefore honour be his pursuit,

pursuit, it is a distinction highly flattering ; but it is also a distinction, which a momentary fancy may excite, and which interested motives may dictate. It is also a distinction which is often paid through motives, even worse than these. An artful man will with attention indulge the frailties of the mind, as well as offer adoration to the person of a fine woman ; and thus, by feeding her vanity—" that devil that undoes you all" the innocent fall a sacrifice to his art.

Search into the motives of the man who now offers you this distinction, and treat him accordingly ; but remember, that to trifle, at this awful period, which is too often adopted by your sex as a privilege, will too surely be attended with the most fatal consequences. I hardly ever knew a coquette that was not caught in the snare she laid to distress her lover. Vitiating by the dissipation of London, or perhaps unhappily conscious of her beauty, she encourages the advances of every libertine, to gratify an inordinate disposition, and to " swell her " list of lovers." On the other hand, the libertine, hacknied in an assumed adoration, advances to her with as little sincerity. He has no character, no virtue to lose ; hence the abandoned connection generally terminates in the female's ruin. Look at these pictures with attention—Observe the giddy eccentricities

eccentricities of the coquette, more dangerous than the artful procrastinations of the prude. Avoid the extremes; indeed, they only want to be known, to be rejected with disgust.

A man of honour in his addresses is modest, and unassuming; cautious in offering what may, even distantly, lead to offence. His adoration will extend to your mind, and soar to bliss superior to sensual joys. If he who has offered you his hand seem none of these, you can have no hesitation—reject him, without suffering your heart to suggest a hint in his favour; but be sure you do it with ingenuousness and resolution. If, on the other hand, you find his love founded on esteem, resulting from a knowledge of your disposition, and on the qualities of your mind; then with caution hold the balance, until time proves that such a conduct is not founded in sinister views.

Disinterested love acquires an animating warmth, which rises far superior to friendship—it acquires an interesting attraction superior to esteem. It is not like the morning cloud, or the early dew, which the sun or the wind may dissipate. It is interwoven in our mind, and a part of our constitution—it flows spontaneously from the fountain of our feelings—it is the sacrament of nature in our hearts—a quality of our being

innate and coeval with time, ripening with our years, unbounded in its expanse, and eternal in its duration. These are some of the attributes of love, but which words are inadequate fully to describe. Treasure them, my dear Belinda, in your mind, for they are sentiments which beat in unison, with my affectionate solicitude for your welfare.

J. WORTHY.

GOODWILL

T O

F O R T E S C U E.

March 29th, 17—

THOUGH my advice, which you so lately protested, was sealed with the impression of conviction, and which you solemnly vowed, rigidly to observe—I still am your friend, and with pity see your impending ruin. I now give full credit to the vulgar adage “that love is a kind of madness,” for I find a fatal instance of its truth in a bosom friend. A subaltern officer, in a
regiment

regiment ordered for foreign service, with no other dependance than the scanty pittance of his daily subsistence, hurrying himself into a labyrinth of misery, and seeking to entail the horrors of wretched want upon a happy female, is a circumstance too distressing for a friend, unmoved to witness. If thus acute are my feelings, (and heaven knows with what zealous pain my mind is fraught!) what pangs must they suffer, who see their child, the idol of their hopes—the prop of their declining years—snatched from under their happy roof to sudden and certain beggary! Talk not to me of the beauty of her person, or the qualities of her mind; they only increase your guilt, and render expiation unattainable. Belinda, it is true, has every perfection which we seek in woman, but they yet want the meliorating hand of time. Heaven has been abundant to her, to recompense her want of fortune. When both personal and mental accomplishments are conjoined, in one woman, and these added to a beautiful face, she wants not a fortune; she is, perhaps, happier than the rich heiress, whose wealth might tempt some sordid wretch to deceive her. Would you then be base enough to plunder her of bounteous nature's gifts, indulgently and wisely bestowed—entice her from her parent's happy, but frugal board,
and

and expose her to all the miseries of wretched want?—Think, ere yet too late, on the fatal and inevitable consequences, that must attend the union of hearts reared in plenty, when the means are wanting to procure the season's produce—think, while yet you have the power of doing right; and let me hear no more of this misplaced, this unhappy passion.

G. GOODWILL.

W O R T H Y
 T O
 B E L I N D A.

— *Lodge, 6th April.*

INDEED I was to blame to suspect my dear Belinda would conceal from me what concerns her happiness—from one, ambitious to deserve the sacred two-fold appellation of Guardian and Uncle. I am equally flattered by my dear girl's comments on my last; they convey to me the pleasing idea that she has well digested my observations, and guarded

guarded her mind, by renouncing those errors her sex are prone to. I should not have dealt them out, with so rigid a hand, had I been apprised of the very inconsiderable progress love has made in your heart; but as you are approaching to that age, when the gentlest breath would blow the latent embers into a blaze, I rejoice in the accident that caused me to enter on a subject, I have long thought it time to introduce. Your eyes now opening to the source of the errors I have pointed out, your determination will be correct, and the event consequently propitious.

In love, many men have an established, a mere technical language. Your eyes, they will compare to stars—your neck to the swan's—your teeth to polished ivory—your cheeks to roses—your lips to coral, and an hundred such fulsome rhapsodies. When a man addresses you in a style thus trifling, it is an affront to your understanding, and little less than an attack upon your virtue. Others will address you with still more levity; this is an unpardonable affront on your delicacy. The silent contempt which men in either of these cases alone merit, will not sufficiently aid you against them. One serious, one determined mark of reprobation of such conduct, will prove of much more utility; but let this be done
in

in private, for it will have more weight. It is not good policy to publicly condemn what most likely was conveyed to you in a whisper. Besides, he who is base enough to undermine your virtue, will not hesitate defaming you with calumny, though you only treat him according to his deserts; therefore be cautious of feeding that foul-mouthed hydra—Scandal.

Having thus laid before you, the advances of a knave, let me add, whereby you may discriminate the man of worth. An honourable man is at best but an awkward lover, because fear makes him a coward; but the other is both fool and villain. A man of sense will address you to your mind, for he too will study it, but his conversation will be divested of the cant of the libertine, and the common-place insipidity of the flatterer. Think not worse of a man for delaying his declarations, though his assiduities to please you daily increase; his diffidence proceeds from fear, one of the leading marks of a substantial love. Rather then rejoice; though he should even let slip a favourable opportunity of declaring himself, because a little time will embolden him, and you will also be prepared with a becoming answer. At this awful crisis, for such you should seriously consider it, be as ingenuous as your modesty will allow. Tampering

pering and trifling in this moment generally proves fatal—perhaps to both.

I should have long since told you, that the most necessary ingredient in the cup of matrimony, is a *moderate fortune*; but I despise the conduct of most ill-judging parents, who, grasping at it on both sides, entirely lose their aim. It is enough if either party is possessed of it; therefore my dear Belinda, as you are not fortune's favourite, it is indispensably necessary that she should smile upon your lover.

J. WORTHY.

HARRIET HAIRBRAIN.

TO

BELINDA.

Crazy Hall, 29th April.

I HAVE, dear Bel, since I last wrote you, made a fresh conquest—I have admitted another dying swain into my catalogue of lovers. He is an officer, and a *quere fish*, for I know not, as yet, what to make of him. Papa calls him a *Jackanapes*—(papa, methinks, would have made an excellent beau
in

in the last century)—but there's something in the fellow that I like, therefore I'll not discourage him, that's poz.

When parents draw against our minds,
The true love's knot but faster binds.

I never read a prettier, or a more true couplet, for I find them exactly in point—What says my Bel?—

We were walking in the shrubbery the other day, and there I made my conquest. The poor fool had been dangling after me several hours, without coming to the point; but, e'faith, he has made ample amends—presumed on my good nature to downright impudence: however, better so, than to be teized with a sighing, whining, pining, dying blockhead. There is some amusement in a prattling fool—but I was about to tell you how I effected the conquest—We were walking in the garden; he as mute as a fish, and I, of course, bursting with rage, and stung with mortification——

Save my dog! exclaimed I, merely to break silence, pretending that the little animal was in danger of falling into the fish-pond: he presented it to me with a faltering compliment, but which soon emboldened him—then followed the most rapturous conversation——Well, certainly love is the
time

time for us, and wedlock for the men ; but I must give you a specimen of our cooing—

I—I am glad you've found your tongue, Sir—

He—O that my feet would take root, and my limbs bear some sweet flower, that with your aromatic hand you might gather, and press me to your bosom !—

I—Then would I not give sixpence for you—no, no, I like a mortal better than a flower.—(*Down with your hands and eyes, which methinks, I see uplift, for I know I was to blame—but, was it to happen again and again, I could not help it.*)

He—O thou dear little rogue !—seizing my hand—(*how quickly the fellow understood me.*)

I—(*affecting to struggle*) Sir !—I beg !—I pray !—I beseech !—I—I——

He—Phæbus with his setting rays in vain contends with thy matin glow—Be propitious to me chaste Dian—

At that instant I heard papa's footsteps in the walk, therefore snatching my hand away, which my swain instantly comprehended.

He—A fine evening, Madam.

I—Pleasant and cool, Sir.

He—Our evenings are seldom warm till midsummer.

Papa—

Papa—Harriet, come into the house, child ; you'll catch cold in the air.—(*giving me a look of thunder.*)

We were obliged to follow him, lamenting our mishap.

But I protest I entirely forgot that I was writing to the serious Miss Belinda Worthy—to one, who when Cupid favours her with a lover, grows sentimentally sad ; and talks to him, and of him, by the maxims of an old guardian, as old-fashioned as antique china. I would advise thee, child, to study the *Rule of Three*—while I triumph, nish, deceive, and mortify, the dear devils !

But to be a little serious—let me know all about your parting with Fortescue. I'll warrant, you are pining at his absence—filly fool !—but I've time for no more, for I hear Doyley's voice in the hall—Adieu.

HARRIET HAIRBRAIN.

FORTESCUE

F O R T E S C U E

G O O D W I L L .

Exeter, 30th April, 17—

Y E S, Goodwill, for the little time I may live, I will follow thy abler precepts—if my heart will let me.

Without thy friendly care, my little bark would long ere this have been dashed on the unfriendly shore—now I fear its course is run. I will not write of Belinda, though, in this moment, sunk into the deepest pit of human misery, still she should be the theme of my story; if thou wouldst hear me. My pen however I can govern, but my thoughts, I find, must remain uncontrouled—surely I may think of her—refuse me not the privilege of thought, for, indeed, I need all the aid, that consolation can administer.

I had scarce dispatched my last, ere I was upon the eve of being involved in a broil with that reptile Wantman, touching my leave of absence; but our worthy Colonel for a while suspended my disgracefully using the rod of correction. Fate, however, still decreed me the unworthy task.

Colonel

Colonel Garton, who has, by every act which friendship could dictate, sought to amuse my melancholy, informed me the other morning, that he proposed going to the assembly in the evening; and that he expected me to accompany him. I had, since our arrival in this gay city, declined that, as well as every other amusement the army, with too great avidity, enter into. Dancing, however, is a recreation I much delight in, not least on account of the moderate expence attending it. I assented with alacrity, to convince the Colonel that I had a due sense of his favour. We arrived at the rooms pretty early. The Colonel, agreeable to his rank as a stranger, being first asked to walk a minuet, offered me as his proxy, and, great as my dislike is to appearing conspicuous, I could not decline it. I blundered through its formalities, but with discredit; and as the lady danced with grace, I solicited a continuance of her hand, for the remainder of the evening. She appeared flattered at my preference, and regretted that she was engaged; "but," continued she, as I led her to her seat, "I have a friend, who I am sure will be happy in your offer." She introduced me to a lovely girl, who rendered the evening much more agreeable than my most sanguine expectations had presaged; and
which

which met with no interruption, save a marked envy in Wantman.

The custom of the country required me, the next morning, to make enquiries after my partner in the dance the preceding evening: and my visit produced an invitation from the elders of the family, for the evening: a circumstance highly flattering to an officer, on so slight an acquaintance. But I must not arrogate merit, for I am persuaded, that the appearance of superior intimacy with my commanding officer, had more weight than my own demeanour. I found from the young lady, whom I shall call Eliza, that she had, for two successive assemblies, been pestered with the insipid levity of Wantman, whom she held in merited contempt. I had repeated my visits to this happy family three or four times, when returning home late one evening, I found myself way-laid by Wantman; and who, heated with liquor, abruptly accused me of seducing from him the affections of Eliza, in which he asserted he had been previously in possession. I would have even borne this, rather than have drawn my sword unworthily; but on his proceeding to reflect on the lady's honour, indignation conquered prudence, and I was provoked to apply a more contemptuous punishment, even than that of pulling his nose. The hero, hot with

with wine, drew his sword, and I well nigh escaped a sudden thrust, aimed at my breast. I, in turn drew—and though I only wished to give him some ignominious wound, yet so bad a master did he prove to his weapon, that I could not long keep my own out of his worthless body; and I much fear the poppinjay has met his deserts, for he is reported to be mortally wounded, and I am threatened with a jail. Had I, in honour's cause, unfortunately taken an honourable life, I could have borne it with less torment than now racks the breast of your

W. FORTESCUE.

EBENEZER HAIRBRAIN, Esq.

TO

WORTHY.

Crazy Hall, May-Day.

DEAR SIR,

I STAND in much need of your speedy advise, Friend Worthy, in an affair that nearly confurns my peece of mind, and the honnur of my fammilly. A jackanapes of
a captain

a captain is come down from London, with a letter from friend Simple, to sleep, as the fellow tells us, a few weeks at Crazy Hall. He has already thrown my house out of the windows, and turned my wife and daughter's brains; in short, my dear friend, I am like to have no roof to end my days under. My wife listens to him from morning to night, and as for the weach, I believe o' my soul she is downrite in love with him. He is for ever a telling them what havoek he has made among women; and, odds bobs, I believe he cannot go a reddier way to work to get his ends. Fire and faggot, Master Worthy, I feel myself a cuckold already, and for these two days past, I have thought that the corners of my brows are growing into hard lumps. To be a cuckold in my old aige, think of that, Master Worthy. The fellow never mentions a word of honnor, though my wife expects he will offer to change his life every day. I am sure he likes that baggage Harriet, yet I would lay ten pound he never makes proposals, that is to say, honourable proposals; tho' I say it, that shud not say it, that she is a fine girl, and will have a fortune that is not to be sneezed at, Master Worthy. And yet he talks to her with seeming love, but then he does not use love sayings, for its all about Dian and Phebus, and
Wenus

Wenus and Juno, and a hundred otheir foreners. He is no bad company, that's the truth on't; odds bods, he makes me laugh in spite of my teeth, when I am reddy to flee him alive. I'll tell you some of his fun, for his stories run mostly on intrig, and that you know, Master Worthy, makes a man remember old times. Ah, poor Nell Noodle, thou could not stand my soft sayings!—and poor Bet Bloufer, I broke thy heart, and did'nt intend it!—But I was going to tell you, Master Worthy, of our Jackandie's stories. After chattering perhaps two hours, so that there was no getting in a word edge ways—"I'll now tell you," says he, "how I served Lady Betty—Ah, "poor soul, it was a pity she was married "before I knew her, I could have liked "her for a wife well enough, for she was a "thirty thousand, every shilling—I came "to her one evening, when I knew Sir "John would be out with a maskerrade "ticket, and at the Pantheon we revilled "the night, while he was grunting with "a Covent-Garden sultana."

No longer ago then yesterday, my wife and daughter having just gone up to bed, he gives me a slap on my thigh, and says, "You've a d——d fine daughter, Hair- "brain!—What I suppose now you'll tofs "ten thousand into her lap; but its a corf-
" ed

“ ed pity that you bury her here in the
 “ country—let her go to London, rub the
 “ rust of her, and say twenty thousand,
 “ and I am your man—What dost say, old
 “ Tally ho ?” Odds bobs, Master Wor-
 thy, did you ever hear the like? Pray send
 some good advice, and soon, to,

Your distressed Friend,

And humble Sarvant,

EBENEZER HAIRBRAIN.

THE ANSWER.

— Place, 2d May, 17—

DEAR SIR,

AS you are both older and abler in the management of domestic concerns than myself, I beseech you not to impose on me so invidious a task, as would attend my interference.

Your obedient Servant,

J. WORTHY.

C

F O R T E S C U E

TO

G O O D W I L L.

— Jail, — 17 —

IMMURED within the walls of a loathsome dungeon, exists your friend, a reputed murderer.—

The villain who fought my life, has signed a damnable deposition before a magistrate, on which I was last night apprehended as an assassin. The wretch still lingers under his wounds, but without hopes of recovery. My friend the Colonel had set off a few hours before my disgrace, express, in obedience to an order from the Secretary at War. I find the perjured villain has relations in this place, who are determined to prosecute me with the utmost rigour, and the Colonel's absence has afforded them a most seasonable beginning.

"Is't fit a soldier who has lived with honour,

"Fought nations quarrels, and been crown'd with conquest,

"Be exposed a common carcase on a wheel?"

These are sentiments, my friend, which make death appear horrible.

I have

I have spent but one day in wretchedness ; and even in that, I have seen enough of misery ; for I have already witnessed a more piteous sight, than the pen of fiction ever described.

On the first morning of my imprisonment, a wretched man was to render expiation for a capital offence against the laws of his country. The preparations for his execution roused me from my own wrongs, to witness the misery of my fellow prisoner.

HENRY had been a merchant, and married the beautiful MARIA in the midst of affluence ; but by the recent capture of our West-India fleet, he sustained an irreparable loss. His creditors were for some time merciful, but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonourable treaty, which led to enormities that required expiation by his life.

Maria possessed Roman virtues. She would not quit his side—and, with her infant son, she preferred alleviating the misery of his dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Henry's case was complicated, and required the opinion of the Judges, a circumstance which from day to day flattered them with

the expectation of a reprieve, and hope only fled, on the arrival of the death-warrant. Sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity drew her silken veil over their miseries, and took them in her embraces a short time before the approach of the fatal hour—the woe-worn Maria, with her infant, in defiance of the tolling of the dreadful bell, still continued under its influence. At this moment, unobserved, I approach'd Henry's cell—
“ Father of mercies,” exclaimed he, “ lend
“ thine ear to a penitent ! Give attention
“ to my short prayer ! Grant me forgiveness—endue me with fortitude to appear
“ before thee—and, O God ! extend thy
“ mercies to this injured woman, this best
“ of thy servants, on whom I have entailed
“ endless miseries !—Chase not sleep
“ from her till I am dead—Protect my
“ child, but never let him know his father's fate !”—

The Jailer interrupted his devotion, by warning him to his fate. “ If there be
“ mercy in you,” replied Henry, “ make
“ no noise ; for I would not have my wife
“ awoke 'till I am dead !—

He wept—even he who was inured to misery !—He, who with apathy had for years looked on distress, shed tears at the piteous sight—Nature predominated in a
Jailer !—

Jailer!—The child cried—“ O heavens !” said Henry. “ I am too guilty to have my “ prayers heard !” He took the infant to his breast, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the Jailer stood petrified with grief and astonishment. At last he thus broke out—“ I cannot longer bear it—My “ heart bleeds for you—I could part with “ life, rather than endure this—follow me “ —so much goodness was never meant to “ meet an untimely fate—you shall be “ free !” —

“ What do I hear ?” replied Henry— “ Is this an angel, in the garb of my keep- “ er ?—Thou art indeed unfit for thy of- “ fice. But I will not accumulate my sins, “ for they are already numberless—I will “ not add to them by thy ruin ; therefore I “ refuse thy offer—hence !—and conduct “ me to my fate !” —

The alteration awoke the unhappy Maria. She started, and looked wild—then throwing her arms round her husband, who was quitting the cell, she with shrieks, which would have pierced the most obdurate heart, supplicated another moment—on her knees this small request she sued for, to the Jailer—

Through the gloomy passage which led to Henry’s cell, a foot was heard approaching. It was by all feared to be the Sheriff—but
in

in a more pleasing form the step advanced. A Divine, with placid looks, approached the wretched pair. He brought the glad tidings, that a reprieve had just reached the prison. Henry's senses were, notwithstanding the good man's caution, overpowered—but Maria became frantic with joy—She ran to the man of God, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life from her kisses, while the humane Jailer freed him from his fetters.

“There is a pleasure in being mad, which madmen only know”—so I find my miseries light, while I commiserate others.

W. FORTESCUE.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS DOYLEY

TO

MAJOR RANTER.

Crazy Hall, 5th May, 17—

AIDED by thee, what shall I not accomplish? Thou art the very mirror of intrigue, and in all its mysteries do I appoint thee

thee my Vice-Roy. What dull dogs are they who live without intrigue! Here have I not been a week, by thy contrivance, and the fort ready to capitulate at discretion. Young in years, but old in cunning—sparkling eyes, full of fire and roguery—haughty in carriage, merciless in raillery—the airs of the coquette—the coldness of the prude—All these has she, whom I have laid siege to. Her father, ignorant as an alderman—her mother, as credulous as an old mackarel. She and I, fairly pitted—egad, diamond cut diamond. She thinks me half a fool, and I know her to be half mad. But to thee am I indebted—by thy lessons was I soon master of her foibles; and I find that *vanity* in the sex conquers pride, breaks down the fences of virtue, and quickly opens a breach to the assailer. I, however, have my sufferings and fatigues. I am obliged to drink musty, home-made wine and sour beer, eat off black pewter plates, to the savory relish of brown bread, and rancid butter. But Troy was not conquered in a day, and I suffer without repining.

Last Sunday the *old putts*, insisted on my going with them to——, where dost think?—I will give thee 'till next Sunday to guess—Wilt thou believe it, Ralph?—I was obliged to go with our frowzy family

to church. I could not fight off—so in full regimentals, I handed my charmer to the family pew, while my steps were pursued by an eye of wonder, which appeared fixed in the lengthened visages of the gaping congregation. In good faith, I never underwent a more perilous day's duty; for as I query whether a red coat had ever been seen within the holy walls, I dreaded the annoyance resulting from inoffensive curiosity. Devotion was for some time suspended on my appearance, nor could the pious exhortations of the holy monitor regain their wonted attention, though I assisted him, with a most decorous deportment; for, faith Ralph, I was a good deal awed, in finding myself under a consecrated roof. In short, I think myself absolutely entitled to say, that I was the most pious of the flock. 'Twere better, you'll reply, they had stayed at home. Just so did I moralize—better avoid the place of worship altogether, than prostrate in it, irreverentially.

But a truce to religion—I leave it to the exposition of the Bishops, though, with all my wickedness, I submit not, in respect for it, to any individual Father in God. We were the last out of the church, as well as the last who entered it; an etiquette which I find is always observed by the

Quality

Quality in this very *civilized* country : and were escorted home by the same distorted features, which saluted our entrance into the church. The bumkins could not have stared more at the appearance of a dromedary from the Arabian deserts..

Let fools court Minerva, the swelling breast of Venus is the shrine of my adoration. You shall be apprised of my movements ; and in the intervals, let me know, how matters stand between Belinda and yourself, and occasionally drop a spoonful of advice to,

Your implicit observer,

FRANCIS DOYLEY.

F O R T E S C U E

TO

B E L I N D A:

OFTEN have I witnessed, in the matchless Belinda, the expansion of her heart, in acts of charity ; and with rapture heard the sentiments of her mind, while under the influence of benignity.

C 3

As

As such are the qualities of Belinda, methinks she would not withhold her pity to the veriest wretch, that ever courted death. She, whose heart will sympathise with the unknown unfortunate; surely will not mark me as a bold intruder on her delicacy, or a wanton wounder of her feelings.

When I look back to those moments, (and that they were the happiest of my life, let my cruel persecution bear witness) —those Elision moments I have passed in her company—When the angelic form of her whom I have loved to desperation, appeared to my tortured mind, I found it impossible to meet my fate with becoming dignity: there remained something to be done—something methought was due to her—and now the debt is paid.

A subject short of my situation would not, perhaps, have impelled me, unsanctified, to address you through the dauntless medium of a letter. Goodwill, whose friendly care over me is nearly released, will spare me the pain of a recital of the cause of my disgrace; and *his* narrative will be infinitely less distressing to you. Through him, I trust to hear I have your pity and forgiveness, for I would not again wound your gentle nature, by requesting further proof. Possessed of that, my mind will be tranquil, even in the loathsome cell of a prison.

prison. In return, I offer my prayers for your protection—the only worldly boon of the wretched.

W. FORTESCUE.

HARRIET HAIRBRAIN.

TO

BELINDA.

WHY don't you write?—Has love sewed up every sentiment? What, not a word?—No rebuke for my last?—

It matters not—I am determined to torment thee; therefore, waving punctilios, here follows a description of my second interview with Captain Doyley. The dear fellow, finding the coast clear, flew to me, and, in the attitude of Romeo in the garden-scene, thus poured out his love—

“ Source of my joy!—Thou balm of hu-
 “ man woe!—Solace of life!—Rose of
 “ fragranc y!—Violet, scented with de-
 “ light!—Lilly of the valley, breathing
 “ perennial odours!—Fair shrub planted
 “ by the side of a purling rivulet!—Mossy
 “ bank, peeping over and inwombing a
 “ limpid

“ limpid fountain !—Loadstone of univer-
 “ fal attraction !—Centripetal force of bo-
 “ dies !—Reviving electrical fire !—Thou
 “ art the lawyer’s best fee !—The physici-
 “ cian’s nervous fluid, animal œconomy,
 “ pulse, prognostics, and diagnostics !—
 “ The divine’s morning and nightly book
 “ of meditation !—The philosopher’s stone !
 “ —The chemist’s sublimate mercury !—
 “ The machinist’s completest engine for
 “ discovering the perpetual motion !—The
 “ bright star the pilot steers his course by,
 “ and the soldier’s ladder for storming a
 “ citadel by escalade !——O thou constel-
 “ lation of pure radiancy of never-fading
 “ effulgence, how blest am I to find thee
 “ thus unshackled from parental bonds—
 “ from the impertinent eye of thy fa-
 “ ther.”—

But this is a faint colouring of the pic-
 ture he drew ; therefore, to improve its
 lustre, let me contrast it, with one from the
 coarse pencil of the swain of papa’s choice.
 Scarce had my warrior left me, ere the ser-
 vant announced the approach of Peter Plod-
 well, the rich farmer of Harrow-House ;
 who, with a *nad* of his body, and a *scrape* of
 his foot, that would have dashed out the
 brains of my favourite lap dog, which was
 following him into the room, had not the
 little animal miraculously avoided the blow,
 he roars out—

Sarvant !

Sarvant! Sarvant, Miss!—

I—The Servant, Sir, is in the kitchen.

He—O la, Miss! how funny you are.

I forebore replying, to enjoy his embarrassment. After twenty efforts, while I, at each Ma—and Miss—and ha—and hem—affected great attention, the savage at last stammered out—

Ha!—h—h—had my poor mother been living, it would have been the comfort of her old age, to know that I was permitted to pay my *devours* to you, Miss; and as you are of a good family, I will not stand for fortune, but leave all that to 'squire Benne, your father.

I—Sir, you are so polite and condescending, that,—

He—(*interrupting me*) Nay, for the matter of that, Miss, I speak as I think—I have a good farm, Miss, and all my own, and though I say it, nobody keeps it in better order. I have a thousand fine oaks, Miss, that shall be felled for a wedding supper for all the country.

I—Lord, Sir!—

He—I will have an ox roasted alive at the head of the table, and sheep and calves for side dishes. The great cistern shall be filled with ale, wine put into the beer barrels, and punch made in the brewing tubs.

I—But, Sir—

He—

He—Then Miss we will have country dances in the great pasture. I will send for all the parish music in the hundred, and fix the church-organ in the middle of the field.

I—(*endeavoured to speak, but could not slide in a single word*)—

He—Instead of strewing flowers before us, as we come out of church, I will buy all the raisins and figs in the parish—give the rector five *pund* for tying us together, and a guinea a day to the ringers, for a week together.

On this he suddenly advanced, caught me in his gigantic arms, and almost dislocated my whole frame with a *bug*, as he called it.

I—(*slapping his face with all my might*) Hold, Sir!—the bells have not rung, nor is the parson paid.

As soon as I could disengage myself, I sprang from the monster, and escaped to my chamber.

HARRIET HAIRBRAIN.

F O R T E S C U E

F O R T E S C U E

T O

G O O D W I L L.

At Sea, May 19th, 17—

BY the date of this, you will find that I am emancipated from my “durance vile.” The effect was sudden, as unexpected. My friend, the Colonel, returned with orders for the immediate embarkation of the regiment for Gibraltar, and the next morning reinstated me in liberty, rank, and honour.

I found, that on hearing my situation, he ordered the attendance of the officers; and, in addition to the suspicions which hourly gained credit, that the vanquished had been caught in his own snare, he also laid before them, the indecent and incoherent expressions made by Wantman in his presence respecting me. These remonstrances, from the mouth of authority and veracity, soon turned the scale of prejudice in my favour. As the hardened and bloody villain, when overtaken by justice, in a moment loses his ferocity, and degenerates into the most abject coward—so shrunk Wantman, from the intelligence,

intelligence, that a Court of Enquiry was ordered to take our several depositions. He instantly acquitted me of any premeditated intent, and imputed his misfortune to his inebriety. There remained no time to investigate his conduct; indeed it appeared the unanimous opinion, that he had met his deserts. We therefore left him, to make a miserable exit from a world, wherein he had acted a scene of infamy.

Ere I was released, you, my friend, had tranquilised my mind. The few lines which spoke of Belinda, sufficiently repaid me for an age of suffering. I cannot, will not, forego the happiness of naming her, and my friend must bear with me. Do not withhold a continuation of your entertaining and amusing correspondence; it will cheer the heavy hours, make grim-visaged war less horrible, and soothe the pain I feel, in leaving my native country.

W. FORTESCUE.

WORTHY

W O R T H Y

T O

B E L I N D A.

— Lodge, 24th May, 17—

THROUGH the narrow and dangerous path that leads to the Hymeneal altar, *unlimited confidence*, placed in your own sex, often proves a most fatal obstruction. Envy, under the guise of friendship, will often sap the foundation; and jealousy, in a single moment, destroy a superstructure built on the purest love, and turn, at one glance, friendship to a thread. I have seen a fond pair, as it were, on a smooth road, looking back to the rugged paths over which they had journied, and overjoyed in the anticipation of reaching the extremity—at once sunk in a quick-sand, while the “green-eyed monster,” fostered by a female confidante, beheld them, and distorted their horrid visage, into wrinkles of satisfaction.

If you must impart the progress of your love, or, perhaps, if you are determined to enjoy the recital of your triumphs, look for a man of sense, candour, and generosity—
to

to him open your heart: his candour will not misinterpret either your warmth, or your timidity—his generosity will not permit him to betray you, and his good sense will enable him to guide you in the doubtful paths, and to rectify your accidental deviations into erroneous ones. He who knows his own sex, can with ease detect the windings of the artful, and the seductions of the deceitful.

Diffimulation is also a common, and even sometimes an applauded error in your sex, and is therefore generally too deeply rooted to be extirpated. Something of this I named in my last; and in addition, remember, that candour, through the veil of delicacy, is the most endearing proof you can give your lover of your worth. Treat him with a generous openness, conceal not your sentiments from him, and attend to his with care. Human nature is never perfect; you therefore may find in him prejudices and errors. If you cannot combat the former, you ought to comply with them, because they seldom lead to a dangerous tendency; and if you cannot correct his errors, bear with them, as long as they do not affect religion or morality; but on the first moment you discover either, from that moment despise and reject him. He who is not just to mankind, cannot be so to you; and the man

man who reveres not his God, no ties can bind.

'Tis needless to warn you against suffering the smallest indelicate liberty ; I shall therefore only observe on this head, that you must bind your lover in the bonds of expectation, and raise his impatience without gratifying it.

J. WORTHY.

GOODWILL

TO

FORTESCUE, AT GIBRALTAR.

London, May 28th, 17—

I KNOW of no worldly circumstance, that has afforded me the satisfaction I experienced in the hearing of the interposition of Providence in your favour ; which, added to the surmise your last warrants me in, that with your ignominious bonds you have thrown off the shackles of love, compleatly reinstates you in my opinion : and insures
you

you a continuance of my casual remarks, which you are pleased to speak of, in terms of panegyric.

Among my auditors, at the last Sunday's lecture, the devotion and attention of a Black Man particularly attracted my notice. He appeared affected at my discourse, and through his dingy complexion, I thought I could read a cultivated understanding. A desire of being convinced that my surmise was just, added to the wish of encouraging what I thought a phenomenon in religion, induced me to question him on religious topics. Instead of finding him, as I expected, of a mind something superior to his uninformed and unfortunate fraternity; he both astonished and delighted me, I found him to be IGNATIUS SANCHE—a man of whom I had heard but little, although his abilities were dignified, even by the correspondence of Sterne.

I have paid him several visits, and generally found him employed at his desk, while his wife, a neat mulatto woman, attended to the concerns of a small retail shop in Westminster. I expressed a desire to be possessed of a trifling manuscript copy of his writing—a declaration he received with no small satisfaction. He immediately untied a bundle of papers, and presented me, neatly stitched in marble paper, what he called his

his "last finished nonsense;" adding, that he had collected it from the narrative of a wretched man of his own complexion, who had long dragged a miserable life on the eleemosynary alms of the streets of London; and which I have copied for your perusal.

THE
HISTORY OF OTANG,
AN INDOSTAN SLAVE;
BY IGNATIUS SANCHO.

AT that period of the eighteenth century, when the register of human nature displayed the errors, the vices, and the virtues of mankind, in the most superlative and glaring colours, OTANG, a slave of Indostan, journeying from Calcutta to the city of Delhi, with dispatches of a secret and important nature, grew faint with excess of travel; and stretching his exhausted limbs under the shade of a palm tree, pronounced the following emphatic and interesting ejaculation—"Immortal Alla! what an en-
" feebled wretch is Otang, who, though
" in the sacred path of freedom, is unable
" to proceed without repose! O for the
" panther's bounding nerve!—the eagle's
" pinion!—or rather, holy Alla! the light-
" ning's instant speed!—But, alas! since
" nature's claims are irresistible, do thou,
" Father of mercy, protect and comfort the
" soft

“ soft partner of my heart, and the tender
“ pledges of my connubial joys, who long
“ for my return, as drooping rose-buds for
“ the morning sun!” A tear of mixed
emotion fell from his ardent eye—he bowed
with reverence to heaven, and, in a few
moments, extreme fatigue wrapt him in
the leaden arms of sleep.

The place was remote from human foot-
step—it was the haunt of man’s inveterate
foe—the property of the monsters of the
woods, but by many leagues the nearest
road to Delhi; and the reward of expediti-
on—Liberty—dispelled, in the breast of
Otang, the apprehension of danger. When
sleep had restored his exhausted power, he
awoke, and repeating a short prayer, pre-
pared for a continuance of his journey. He
again darted forward—his impulsive soul
was bent upon liberty—he regarded only
the goal of his progression, and to that alone
applied his thoughts and strength.

After accelerating a journey of eight
hours, without rest or food, nature once
more grew faint; besides, the approach of
night made it impossible for him to proceed.
He collected a quantity of dry fuel, and
kindled a fire at the foot of a large tree;
when eating an handful of dried rice, and
drinking a little water, he prayed, and again
sought the renovating comfort of repose.

The

The shadows of night now fell ; and the distant bellowings of wild beasts, rendered the scene supremely terrific. Yet Otang enjoyed a kind of broken slumber until daylight ; when, starting up, he renewed his route, directed only by the sun, and supported alone by the ardour of his expectations. He had not travelled a league, when the mangled carcase of a dead animal informed him that danger was not remote. On one side was a thick forest, and on the other a branch of the Ganges, to which, as an expedient of security, he immediately inclined. At that moment a tyger, of enormous magnitude, followed by a female and two whelps of the same species, appeared stalking round a projection of the forest. The soul of Otang sunk within him : and fear and prudence united, urged him to verge as close as possible to the river. The prowling savage soon perceiving him, stopped short, as if to contemplate on the method of his destruction ; and, turning to his companions, seemed to grumble a kind of sanguinary consultation. Almost congealed with terror, and expecting every moment to become the prey of accumulated hunger, the heart of Otang suspended its function, and the despairing hope of ever returning, pierced his inmost soul. The monster approached in a semicircular direction,

tion, and with a bold and angry aspect. Otang rightly conceived that it was the intention of his subtle enemy to cut off his retreat to the river; and that when advanced to a certain distance, to make a sudden and fatal spring. He was therefore exquisitely watchful of that period; and the instant he perceived the animal contract his body for that purpose, threw himself with violence into the current. With terror he beheld the foe, in pursuit of him, immersed above his breast in the water, but he stopped on a sudden, and, doubtless through fear of the element, returned to his savage associates, growling with rage and disappointment.

Otang for some time suspended himself in the water, in hopes of returning to the shore, and pursuing his route; but the savage terror of the wood still pursued him with his eye. Otang saw there was no other method of escaping the tyger's fury, but that of gaining the opposite shore.—Dreadful alternative!—The river was very wide, and the current towards the middle too rapid to be stemmed by man; yet he made the attempt, after invoking his God, to give him strength. He was as expert in swimming, as he was swift of foot. The poor bird, to obtain its liberty in vain attempts to force the wire of its cage—as

D

ineffectual

ineffectual were Otang's efforts to stem the current; for he was driven with great velocity a considerable distance, whenever he faced the stream. Exhausted, and panting for breath, he looked towards the unfriendly shore.—The savage family no longer appeared to his dying eye—but, alas! the distance was too great for him to regain. His legs had already yielded; and with a feeble motion of his hands he barely supported his head above the water, while he offered a prayer for his helpless family. At this awful crisis, something struck against his side, and the blow sent the unhappy Otang into the bosom of the deep. The drowning man, when bereft of sense, will seize a stone at the bottom; and when he rises, previous to final dissolution, will involuntarily hold out his hand for that assistance which is not near, and catch the air—such was the state of Otang, when he seized the substance which had struck him. It was a large log of wood, capable of supporting his weight, and he soon recovered strength to seat himself upon it. Ere he had time for thought, the log again caught the stream, and Otang found himself carried down it with great velocity. His attention was now employed to seize, as it floated past him, something which he might use as an oar; but, before he could accomplish this, he found

found himself approaching a vortex, formed by a recent inundation, and was soon again immersed into the deep, and dashed against the bottom with great violence. He did not quit his hold, but rose again, to undergo a similar fate, for he found himself again approaching the center. Convinced that a second absorption would prove fatal, he determined on springing from the log towards the land; and, after infinite struggling, happily attained it. He was now on the opposite shore to that from which he had fled, which was cultivated and inhabited. He found rice, and other refreshments, of which he eat, and then resigned himself to sleep, but was soon roused by the cries of distress. He directed his eyes to the place from whence the sound came, and at a distance saw a venerable old man, the Chief of the country, who, together with his family, had been surprised and seized by robbers; and a youth, his son, upon their knees, supplicating mercy of two armed ruffians. The situation of this scene of horror fortunately excluded Otang from the sight of the barbarians. He warily approached, and found a club well suited to attempt executing the impulse of his mind. Mediating on the practicability of rescuing the unfortunate, he distinctly heard the old man's supplications—"Mercy! Mercy!"

D 2

exclaimed

exclaimed the old captive, "are you not content with plundering me, and tearing my child from me, but you must take my life?" The soul of Otang could no longer restrain itself, and though his strength was by no means recovered, he rushed upon the robbers, and shivered their spears, which were pointed to the victims. And pursuing the advantage, which surprise had gained him, he quickly levelled the villains with the earth.

"Blessed be God," exclaimed the old man—"and yet I wish not to live—O Zongata!—O my child!"—"Speak," interrupted Otang, "tell me—let me save her too!"—"Alas! alas!" returned the parent, "the robbers are many in number—they have seized the spotless pearl of my family, and are dragging her to the bed of pollution, while some of them remained to put us to death!" "Where are your friends and neighbours?" continued Otang—"let me find them—I will lead them on, and finish the work I have begun!"—The old man pointed to some distant huts, and directed his son to lead the way. They hastened to the village, and soon alarmed the inhabitants, who appeared eager to revenge the insult offered to their chief; but feared their numbers would be unable to conquer the armed robbers.

Otang

Otang animated the half-resolved natives, and led them forth rudely armed, in pursuit of the banditti. A cloud of dust soon discovered their route, and at the sight of them, the heart of Otang beat high, whilst those of the dastardly natives sunk within them. He was animated with glory, while they were overcome with fear. With such ardent zeal did he press forward, that on his near approach to the rear of the plunderers, turning round to survey the disposition of the little army, he found them retreating in the most dishonourable confusion, and Hiram, in vain, attempting to rally them. Otang too late saw the effects of his temerity—he had not time for thought; for, looking again on the banditti, he perceived two of them advancing, with rapid strides, towards him. He determined, instead of following the degraded fugitives, to shape his course to a different quarter, and lead his pursuers a chace far wide of both parties; consoling himself under the hope that one of them might fall into his error, by outrunning his companion, and thereby afford him an equal combat, ere the other could advance. Otang found himself much swifter of foot than his pursuers, therefore he could easily practise his scheme of separating them. He who cannot counteract the motions of the inexperienced,

rienced, is not qualified for a villain. The robbers, side by side, kept a steady pursuit; but, finding their endeavours ineffectual, they deliberately returned.

The rapidity with which these alarming events followed each other, allowed Otang no time for recollection; but now he experienced every horror of mind, which accumulated distress can convey. He found himself in a country with which he was entirely ignorant, overrun with robbers, and which did not produce the necessaries of life. The heat of the sun was intense, and a desert of sand lay before him. Certain of perishing, if he remained long in meditation, he determined to press forward, as he conceived, in the same direction which had marked his flight, in hopes of finding a termination to the desert; he therefore renewed his pace, but soon apprehended that he was not gaining upon the object of his wishes. This uneasiness inclined him to fancy he saw objects which did not exist; and to give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo—he mounted every drift of sand, for a fresh prospect; and once he was renovated in tracing, as he conceived, the windings of a gentle river, through distant trees, watering a large track of fertile plain, with innumerable circumvolutions. The
pleasing

pleasing object was soon enveloped in the shade of night, which approached in awful majesty; and a tempest suddenly gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to quick and painful remembrance of his folly; and determined to do what he thought yet remained in his power to avoid it—to tread back the ground he had passed, and endeavour to regain the village. He prostrated himself on the ground, and recommended himself to the God of nature. He rose with more confidence and tranquility, and pressed on his return, with his sabre in his hand; for the terrors of the wood were in motion, and on all sides were heard the mingled howls of hunger. All the horrors of the dark combined to dismay him—the wind roared with the beasts in horrid discord! Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered until nature was entirely exhausted. His breath grew short—his knees trembled—his legs refused their office—and he was compelled to throw himself down in resignation to his fate; when, on the instant, he beheld afar off the glimmering of a light.

How sweet is life!—Otang, forgetting his nerveless state, sprung up, and hastened to this beam of comfort. But, alas! on his approach he saw new dangers. He had hailed those who bore the light; and they,
from

from a hope of mutual assistance, waited his approach. Ere they could identify him, by the assistance of the light he discovered his pursuers, who had lost sight of their companions, and were reduced to his own situation. This Otang saw at a distance, but he could not be seen by them: the light they carried gave him this advantage. He conversed with them unsuspected; and while they cursed him as the cause of their misfortune, he was meditating revenge. One of them, more fatigued than his companion, laid down, declaring his inability to go farther. The villain who bore the light still wandered, regardless of the intreaties of the other. Otang now thought revenge at hand—his breast glowed with the grateful passion—he approached unsuspected, and dispatched him without a groan; then pursuing the steps of the other, and finding himself on an equality, with the impulse of a brave mind, he called to him to defend himself against that fate, which his wicked companion had just experienced—“Otang,” continued he, “whose life you sought is advancing—he whom you fatally pursued, and for whose destruction curses are still upon thy lips—defend thyself against the revenge of thy devoted victim!”—Thus spoke the noble Otang, as he rushed upon his foe.

The

The robber was driven to that state of danger which makes the coward brave. He for some time defended himself, but the light he carried gave Otang a great advantage; he could thereby see where to direct his blows, while the villain struck at random. Otang soon levelled him to the earth; dispatched his soul to the infernal regions, and left his body a prey to the savage inhabitants of the desert. He stripped their bodies of what he thought might prove useful to him, and in a sort of wallet, he found a small supply of provisions, and having refreshed himself, he left the scene of blood. He had not journied far, ere he heard the beasts, attracted by the scent of the vanquished, scampering from all quarters, in search of the prey. Many of them passed near him, but his light proved a sufficient protection. The day at last began to dawn, and he plainly saw a termination to the desert; but the light also presented to him a still more dangerous enemy than what he had recently overcome—he saw a lion, of prodigious size and ferocity, in pursuit of him, aided by all his natural cunning. But as he was also well acquainted with the nature of the lion, and the manner of seizing its prey, and had time to meditate his escape, he hit on a method of saving his life, for which he may thank his skill in zoology.

For this purpose he affected a careless gait, towards a high rock, at the extremity of the desert, which he found level at the top, and with a perpendicular precipice on one side of it. Sitting himself down upon the edge of this precipice, to his great joy he found that the lion also made a halt: then sliding a little down, below the upper edge, upon a little projection of the rock, he waited the approach of the lion. But in order to deceive him more, he placed his hat and cloak upon his sabre, making with them a gentle motion. This crafty expedient was crowned with success. He had not been long thus prepared, before the lion came creeping softly towards him like a cat, and mistaking the cloak for its wearer, took his leap, and was dashed to pieces.

Otang proceeded towards the fertile plain, and soon discovered an immense river, on which a large ship rode at anchor. As he approached the Christian navigators, fondly hoping he had found an end to his misfortunes, and while he anticipated a speedy sight of the partner of his heart, and his beloved offspring, a gang of British sailors rushed upon him; and in contempt of the most heart-wounding supplications, dragged him on board their vessel, which had long laid at anchor, waiting for hands to navigate her home. His dispatches, which

which would have proved a protection to him, were destroyed by the rapidity of the current, in which he had been so long immersed; and nothing could avert his fate of being transported from his native country.

On the arrival of the *Belborough East-Indiaman*, in the year 1779, he was turned ashore, an houseless wanderer in this great city—to drag a miserable life upon the wretched sustenance, procured from the scanty alms its inhabitants bestow upon those whom God has formed of my complexion.

In the next page, I found the following specimen of *Mr. Sancho's* poetical abilities—

O T A N G ' S C O M P L A I N T.

WHEN the silver moon over the sea,
 Spread her shady mantle of light;
 And the gale, gently dying away,
 Breathed soft on the bosom of night;
 On the deck, poor Otang still stood,
 And sigh'd forth his piteous tale,
 While his tears stole into the flood,
 His plaint pass'd unheard in the gale.

To

To tear me from all I hold dear
The merciless white man has dar'd;
In spite of my pitying tear,
Tho' midst his dire foe I have stray'd.

The Gods of the merciless band,
Sure on such sins ever must frown;
For such horrid crimes in our land,
Be, O Alla! for ever unknown!

Let sleep from my eyelids depart,
My Zelida's musical tongue,
Shall sweetly vibrate in my heart,
When all other comfort is gone.

Methinks thro' the silence of night,
The blest strains resound in my ear;
And mournful beyond the wan light,
I see her lov'd image appear.

Flow tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
But let not fond hope e'er depart;
And then let the arrow of woe,
Drink deep of the streams of my heart.

Ere her form from his fancy was gone,
And his childrens prattle quite dead;
He found, in the chains he had borne,
Each fond hope for ever had fled!

FARMER PLODWELL

TO

EBENEZER HAIRBRAIN, Esq.

DEAR BENNE,

I TAKE this first oportunity to let you to understand, that your doter has behaved to me with great cruelty. In return for my telling her of the grat prepperations I will make at our wedding, she slapt my face, and ran way. I am afraid, Benne, you have spoiled her, for want of the horse-whip; for she will take badly to it when she is marred, and I'm sartain I cannot stand such sauceness in a wife. I hope you will have her in better order when I cum agane.

Your's to command,

PETER PLODWEL.

Of Harrow House.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN DOYLEY

MAJOR RANTER.

Crazy-Hall, 30th May, 17—

BY the fate of the wars, both of Mars and Venus, thy operations have been in imminent danger; and thy warrior has had a narrow escape from being blown up in the trench, which he himself had dug.

Thou wilt suppose, that the Fates suddenly conspired against me—No!—the girl is kind—the mother courteous—and the father shaking his sides by the hour, at my nonsense; and yet was I yesterday nearly outdone by—What dost think?—why by *virginity* toughened in *man hating*, from full forty years agony of disappointed love.

Miss Bridget Hairbrain, the eldest sister of *Squire Benne*, to the great mortification of every one, and to my apparent ruin; arrived at Crazy Hall on Tuesday last, agreeable to annual custom. But ere I proceed upon her attack upon me, I must endeavour to describe to you this “excrecence
of

of nature." She had passed that climacteric, in which old maids are described with lank and pale visages, scraggy necks, and flabby breasts; for as she fell into years, she also fell into flesh: and in this one instance rode a cheat on mankind, by carrying the outward appearance of having been a happy mother. Hogarth, who held old maids in merited disgust, has drawn, among his caricatures, just such a figure.

Her neck resembles a collar of brawn, divided by circles, which compress the fat. Her arms, in magnitude, rival the thighs of the Farnesian God; and, in colour, outshine the face of Bardolph, the fiery furnace which lighted Falstaff from tavern to tavern. Her bosom—aid me, good mother of invention, to do it justice!—appeared like two umbras, which heaved like the bellows of a glass-house, and lit her eyes into a flame, dreadful to behold! Agreeable to the present fashion of youthful females, she wore no cap, but discovered tresses of black hair, more potent than Sampson's. But what words can paint the excess of malice and vulgarity predominant in her visage!—An inflated hide, that seems bursting with venom---a brow, wrinkled by a Sardonian grin, that threatens all the vengeance an enraged fury would rejoice to execute. Her nose, overgrown with fat,
appears

appears almost flat; and her teeth, deserted by the gum, resemble the broken roots of a decayed tree.

Such ideas of warmth does this mountain of quaggy flesh communicate, that, without hyperbole; one might swear, she would parch the earth she trod on, thaw a frozen coachman, and overheat a foundery.

This human hydra immediately directed her infectious hisses at me. She began, by being "astonished that her Brother Benne" "would harbour such *varmint* under the "same roof with his daughter." I was upon the point of coming at once to a charge upon the enemy, from whom I expected no quarter; had not the looks of the little romantic wench ordered me to halt. Benne burst into a horse laugh, and mamma "wondered at her sister-in-law's impoliteness to an entire stranger." Miss Bridget, however, continued—railed—grew outrageous—almost choaked herself with passion, which raised a storm of fat in her throat—and, at last, waddled out of the room, growling with rage and disappointment.

This storm was succeeded by a fullen calm, which lasted, to our great joy, for the remainder of the day. After supper, when the ladies had retired, my host, filling a bumper, drank "Confusion to old maids,"
and

and broke out in a strain of native irony against his venerable sister. After entertaining me with an account of her progressions to stale virginity—"I'll now give you," continued he, "an instance of what she called, *becoming female delicacy*."

He told me that his uncle, with whom Miss Biddy lived to take care of his house, was a great antiquarian, and had a large collection of ancient and admirable statues. In compliment to the ladies, his uncle had contrived a veil over such parts, as the freedom of the ancients had too much exposed. He thought modesty itself required nothing more, but Biddy convinced him, he had left his work unfinished. A marble lap-dog was not, it seems, provided with a veil, for, as it laid in a very quiet position, he could not entertain an idea, that it conveyed the smallest imodesty. But the chaste eyes of Biddy were offended; and she actually made little Shock an apron, in imitation of those her uncle had placed on the human figures. "If," continues the squire, she "ever attacks you again, you will soon stop her clack, by naming the *Dog in Breeches*."

Faith, Ralph, I begin to grow actually in love; and the eccentricities of this family, unconnected by art, begin to be familiarised to me. But as I know thy sovereign contempt

contempt to any thing that smells of matrimony, I must not admit the thought—thou laggest in advice to thy pupil.

FRANCIS DOYLEY.

THE ANSWER TO THE LAST.

London, Sunday Morning.

MARRY, wilt thou!—when thou’rt old, and lack *stamina*, to ring the changes of this emporium of sensual joys—then may’st thou marry, and “take a wife to “mortify withal!” Matrimony!—another such a word, and by all the mysteries of Venus will I cast thee from my counsels, and leave thee, naked and exposed to the rankling wounds of Cupid’s arrows.

Look to thy tutor, as thou art pleased to denominate me, against whose breast love hath often knocked, but never could find admission; and yet, fail I not in a sea of delight?—and roll I not in pleasure?—Attack her by stratagem—win her by storm—but do not marry her—

Mark me!—

RALPH RANTER.

BELINDA

FORTESCUE

67

BELINDA

TO

WORTHY.

London, June 2d. 17—

MY DEAR SIR

FORTESCUE's letter, which I shewed you on our last meeting, leaves an impression on my mind, that baffles all my attempts to shake off. I cannot help feeling for him to a degree, which, I much fear, exceeds the bounds of friendship; but—to effect his enlargement, could I not consent to my weakness being betrayed. Even a protector, such as you have ever proved yourself, should remain in ignorance of it; did not his goodness enforce me to be ingenuous, in return for his kind, and I firmly believe, just sentiments, on the awful subject of love. The unfavourable impression his being an officer, has made on you, will, I am certain, be done away in your knowledge of the man—his modest diffidence—his unassuming behaviour—his genteel deportment—and, in short, all those qualities which captivate the female heart.

Such

Such is the character of Fortescue—judge then, what pain I must feel, in laying the charge of villainy, to one of the same profession; but, I thank God, as much a stranger to the man, as to his deeds. A Major Ranter, a man of most unseemly person, advanced in years, and possessed of every dangerous acquirement to complete the trade of villainy: and who it seems had some knowledge of my father, on which he builds a claim to admission to our house—has, in open violation of friendship, and in contempt to the laws of nature, offered an unpardonable insult to my honour. Soon did I find the value of your precepts; by them I conducted myself. The major left us very abruptly, and I have reason to think, will not venture to repeat his unwelcome visits. Your good mother, with her eyes suffused in tears of joy, blesses the hour she bore you; and strictly enjoins me to engrave your advice in my heart. I needed not, on this head, her maternal advice. This unworthy Major, will nevertheless, I trust, be of some advantage to me; for I live in hope that his conduct will prove the subject of a letter from you to

Your dutiful,

BELINDA WORTHY.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN DOYLEY

TO

MAJOR RANTER.

Crazy Hall, June 9th, 17—

I AM still thy tacit observer in all things. Thy experienced wisdom can pardon the indiscretions of youth. I thrive apace—for instance—our last interview—

“ Give me, fair Helen, but the key to
“ your citadel of love?”—

“ Key to love!” returned she,—“ La,
“ Sir, What kind of key is the key to love?”

“ —Where can I buy it?—Who sells it!—
“ Of what is it made?”—

“ ’Tis a treasure,” returned I, “ which
“ you, bright constellation, have long been
“ possessed of.”—

“ I command the key of love!—Yes,
“ fair one—how many captives have you
“ not locked in your affections?”—

“ For shame, captain!—there appears
“ ambiguity in what you say, and I will be
“ convinced”——

At this critical moment the stairs creaked
under

under advance of Miss Bridget—I had just time to ask—

—Where?—When?—

By those powers which impelled Jupiter to transmigrate into a swan—an assignation, you rogue——I cannot go a word farther, and hardly remember that I am,

FRANCIS DOYLEY.

H A R R I E T

TO

B E L I N D A.

June 10th, 17—

MATTERS grow rather serious with me; therefore seriously, my dear Bel, do I crave thy advice.

Would you think it?—That wretch Doyley, after all his high flown honour, and protestations, has attempted to undo me!—O how my eyes did lighten, and my tongue thunder upon him! He shall find that man is but chaff before the breath of a woman, in support of her injured honour. What—
Shall

Shall the art of man be put in competition with that of a woman, and that in love too? —I find I have played the game too deep, and narrowly escaped total ruin. I begin to think your sentimental seriousness, a better weapon, against the attacks of men, than my flippancy. I pray you write; I promise to pester you no more with my nonsense; and to conform, without claiming the smallest merit, to your discreet counsels. What shall I do, or say to the fellow? He is a pretty fellow; and, if divested of libertinism, would be agreeable enough to your

HARRIET HAIRBRAIN.

MAJOR RANTER

TO

CAPTAIN DOYLEY.

London, 12th June.

THOU art thyself again—Beshrew me, but thou wilt soon outshine thy prototype in the annals of gallantry.

Never

Never let thy noble spirit be cast down for trifles. Meet not I rebuffs and crosses in magnitude, ten-fold exceeding thine, which dishearten me not? Even while I write, do I not feel them nibbling at the main spring of my operations?

Belinda, I believe, has given me a *coup de grace* in that quarter—Well, no matter—her gravity, and affectation of sentiment, rendered her *quite a bore*. I only fired a few random shot at her; and now I think on't—she's not worth following. I am, independent of crosses in my amours, continually subject to the jibes of every filthy knave, which thou escapest. Returning home the other day from paying a morning visit to Belinda, seeing a Jockey, puffing off a crippled horse to an unskilful buyer—“That's a frightful beast, Master,” said I, thinking to have a hit at him, being a judge of horse-flesh—“Not so frightful as your nose, Master,” replied he, giving his body at the same time a *knowing jerk*. Now thou knowest, Frank, that my nose is not “made for sportive tricks,” and that morning it was unluckily inflamed into the colour of the preceding evening's port, by a few overcharged glasses. However, recovering myself, I rallied—“Why, varlet, thy horse thou expos'est for sale, thereby subjecting it to every one's opinion.”—“True,”

“ True,” retorted the knave,—“ and you
 “ expose your nose, in token that its wearer
 “ is some debauched whoremonger, and
 “ game for every one.” As I had not my
 sword, to cut off the rascal’s ears, I took
 my nose in my hand, and marched off, the
 ridicule of the stable yard.

By this time, success has crowned thy
 wishes ; therefore, doubtless, I may con-
 gratulate thee ; and, in return, thou mayest
 offer me commiseration. But I trust not to
 need it long, for fresh game is started, and
 I am on the scent. Recount to me thy
 victory ; and omit not the smallest circum-
 stance, that attended the encounter, to thy
 friend,

RALPH RANTER.

CAPTAIN DOYLEY

TO

MAJOR RANTER.

—, near Crazy Hall, Monday.

FINAL destruction light on all thy coun-
 sels—O name not my disgrace in Gath, for
 E must

must I drown it in wine? Caught, circumvented, undone, and laughed at, by a woman—by a simple country wench—My own weapons turned upon me, by all that's damnable!

I am giddy with wine, mad with disappointment, and sick with remorse; therefore must I take another day to recite my defeat.

Tuesday Morning.

REFRESHED with sleep—relieved by dreams, and ready for rallying, am I risen. But my own heart shall now lead me on. In my dream I gave thy counsels to the winds, and here awake do I confirm the boon.

Methought an army of an hundred thousand harlots, commanded by the Scarlet Whore of Babylon, waged war with the same number of whoremongers, commanded by King Charles the Second; that the former, having been under the yoke of the latter, and heavily oppressed, at length got the upper hand. That at this time a grievous battle was fought, and the plain covered

ed with deluges of blood. The women were supplied with a large train of brass cannon, which overturned those of the men, whose ordnance was iron; though they advanced with bayonets fixed, and at one time beat down a part of the female artillery, and spiked several pieces. But the women rallied, while the men, flushed with their temporary success, could not form their battalions in time, therefore suffered great loss. However, while the women were advancing upon their main standard, they made a desperate push, and drove the heroines again into their trenches. After two more similar fallies, in which the men evidently became gradually weakened, the women obtained a complete victory, by reason of their breast-works being bomb proof. Their commander had also a great superiority, in skill and perseverance, to the King. She rode a coal black brindled palrey, and was constantly where danger most presented itself. I was awaked by her galloping over me, in her advance to receive the King's rapier; which, with its point downwards, agreeable to the law of war, he presented her; and I immediately determined never to get in the way of a whore, or listen to a whoremonger again.

E 2

Therefore

Therefore adieu, friend Ranter!—I leave thee to thy insipid, indiscriminate enjoyments, while I pursue the dictates of my own heart—return to my love with penitence—own my fault, and implore her forgiveness.

Thy implicit deviator,

F. DOYLEY.

THE SAME

TO

H A R R I E T.

WITH shame and detestation I look back upon the hour in which I offered an insult to your virtue; but my future life shall, with unremitting assiduity, render you atonement; and I bless my stars, that repentance comes not too late. Believe me, my dear Harriet, none who feel the compunctions
of

of real guilt, can be more wretched than I am; for with abhorrence I own it, I have debased my own principles, and been weak and wicked enough, to shape my conduct to your sex, by destructive and deceitful examples. But I must add, that in regard to yourself, and I have found an encouragement in, I trust, an *assumed* levity; which, in the eyes of the world, may palliate, but not excuse my fault. You will, nay you must, pardon this species of freedom, because it proceeds from a mind fraught with true repentance. Let me then intreat you to exchange your opinion of me; for that, which a falsely assumed conduct, warranted me in entertaining towards you. With equal facility can they be dispelled; and mine already is cast away. I found my return to the Hall absolutely impracticable, until you were apprised that my approach was solely for the purpose of rendering you expiation, and to implore your forgiveness.

F. DOYLEY.

GOODWILL.

GOODWILL

TO

FORTESCUE.

London, 26th June, 17—

THERE is a fascination in a soldier's life, which for ever attaches to it, not only those who have served in that honourable station; but even such as have in any manner been dependent on, or associated with, the army. Thus I, who have long given up the church militant, for the more peaceful duty of a London Chapel of Ease, find a superior satisfaction in the enlivening company of such, as I have ever found my friend Fortescue.

You must remember my respected friend Mr. M——, of whom you have oft heard me speak with warmth, which his worth highly merits. In this amiable man, accident has furnished me with a fresh proof of generosity, which puts the courtier's patronage to the blush, and throws modern friendship into a shade.

I have, under his hospitable roof, frequently met a young man of the name of P——,

P——, whose demeanour seemed to merit an intimacy with Mr. M——'s happy family.

Passing a few weeks ago through the Horse-Guards, towards the Park, the features of a private grenadier trooper, then centinel at the great gate, attracted my notice. Though I was convinced they were familiar to me, yet my recollection did not immediately inform me when, or where, I had known this soldier; I therefore stopped short, to endeavour to bring him to remembrance. I passed and repassed; still regarding him with a fixed attention, but his countenance did not alter, nor did he affect to observe my curiosity. At length, the well known features of Mr. P—— recurred to my mind, and here, memory made a pause.—Yet that it was *him*, I thought impossible; therefore concluded he must be his brother, or near relation: but to be fully satisfied, I repaired to my friend. Mr. M—— listened to my adventure with unusual gravity; and on my persisting that the soldier I had seen was surely the brother of Mr. P——, he exclaimed—“No!—
“ ’tis he himself!—and as you are the first
“ of my friends, who have made the discovery of his situation, I intreat you to
“ suspend your emotions, until I unfold to
“ you

“ you the dire fate, which has reduced a
“ noble mind, to so poor a state.

“ Mr. P——,” continued my friend,
“ the gentleman-soldier (and as he is capa-
“ ble of filling any station, so does he, in
“ every sense, support even that character)
“ whom you have so recently seen on his
“ duty, is the younger son of a gentleman
“ of family in Ireland; but who had
“ through life been marked as the sport of
“ capricious fortune. With a small sum of
“ money, and the education of a gentle-
“ man, he left his native country, to seek
“ his fortune, where she might prove kind-
“ er. On his arrival in London, he was
“ introduced to me; and in addition to the
“ character his birth and education entitled
“ him to, I found him of a disposition truly
“ benevolent—possessed of the warmth of
“ real friendship—and of a mind highly cul-
“ tivated.

“ The commendatory letters which
“ Mr. P—— brought with him, procured
“ him an eligible situation in the East-India
“ Company's service, but ere the ships were
“ ready, he was seized with an illness, the
“ frequent concomitant of a change of air,
“ that nearly terminated his earthly proba-
“ tion—happy, perhaps, for him, had it
“ been so!—His fever proved so obstinate,
“ that the ships of the season failed,
“ while

“ while he was yet confined to his chamber; and his little stock of cash, reserved to procure the necessary articles for his voyage, nearly exhausted in effecting his recovery.

“ Mr. P—— has philosophy, which enables him to bear misfortunes with fortitude. He affected to treat his disappointment lightly; as attended merely by the inconvenience of waiting 'till the next season. He continued his visits at my house, and we observed in him no deviation from his wonted mirth; nor suspected his want of pecuniary assistance. Observing one day in him, a more than ordinary seriousness, I enquired the cause; when—judge my astonishment—he replied, that he had that morning entered into a new life—enlisted into the Marquis of Lothian's troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, as a private trooper.”

“ —Where,” continued he, “ was the alternative?—My situation lost—my money expended—and no resource for a supply left!”——“ Heavens! replied I, was not my house, my table—nay, my purse at your command?” “What, interrupted he, would you have me consume my youth upon the bounty of a friend, who is already struggling to support the credit of a numerous family—

“ rob his dear children of their father’s in-
“ dustry—and stalk about, a discontented
“ superfluity upon the earth? I consulted
“ myself alone—I weighed well my resolu-
“ tion—and found no medium between it,
“ and the coward’s dishonourable death.
“ The laws of my Creator forbid the latter
“ —I have therefore embraced the least de-
“ structive; and now I take my leave of
“ you—perhaps for ever—for in humble
“ servility I cannot”

“ His swollen heart here, choaked his
“ utterance, while the tear of gratitude
“ stole down his manly cheek. I answered,
“ that to convince me I merited his esteem;
“ would be on every opportunity to con-
“ tinue his visits, and on all occasions to
“ call for my assistance. Near two years
“ has he supported the two-fold character
“ of a soldier and a gentleman; and when
“ he is allowed a relaxation from the fa-
“ tigues of his profession, those hours he
“ divides between a few worthy families
“ and ourselves.”

With what an unequal hand does fortune
deal out her favours! The thought, that
such a man as this soldier, should be subject
to the capricious tyranny of every affected
martinet, renders this world contemptible,
and destroys every relish for life. How hap-
py

py would my friend Fortescue find himself, in the friendship of such a brother officer!

I have been some days in anxious hope of receiving a packet from you; and though your last was dated the day you left England, yet I shall not omit an opportunity of convincing you, that with great esteem I remain,

Truly your's,

G. GOODWILL.

MAJOR RANTER

TO

CAPTAIN DOYLEY.

Tuesday Morning.

WHEN I think on the reward of Bellifarius and Alcibiades, I marvel not at thy ingratitude. Are then my instructions thrown away—set at naught? Have I for this been labouring, even before the down

was off thy lips, to make a man of thee?—Couldst thou drink, when I first knew thee!—Didst thou not blush at the sight of a scarlet petticoat, yea, like a bawd at a christening? Was I not content to waste my time in teaching thee the mysteries of hazard and farro—to get drunk in order to make thee so—nay, setting my majority aside, have I not pimped for thee, ingrate? When thou first committed thyself to my care, thou wast a smock-faced boy, just entered upon thy ensigncy; and though thy laced coat hung on thee, like the tinsel finery of a puppet, yet thou durst not say *stand*, to a turkey cock; nay, a gander, of the ordinary size of a green goose, had it hissed at thee on a common, would have made thee run for it.

The services I have done thee are out of number—the 'scapes I have had in extricating thee out of the bawdy-house broils, which thy boyishness involved thee in, are miraculous. Methinks my 'rescuing thee from the clutches of a boistering bully, in the memorable riot in King's Place, should make thee blush with ingratitude. Did I not run the risk of my neck, in fracturing the skull of the waiter at Malby's, who had broke thy sword, and was, when I arrived to thy assistance, in the very act of flogging thee with the scabbard? Nay, shall I not
carry

carry with me to the grave (Heaven avert the *thoughts* of death) the marks of the dangers I have run, when thou hadst brought on thyself the vengeance of a bawd, or attempted to bilk a w——? At Portsmouth, was not my cranium cracked by Lieutenant Mainmast, in retaking thy wench, whom thou hadst disgracefully suffered him to bear off in triumph?—To be sure, honour then pricked me on; and well nigh had honour pricked me off. But I'll no more on't—nor will I ever again *turn a boy into a man*.

I hate ingratitude—Give me—claret—a wench—a sea coal fire—These are the only boons sought for by,

RALPH RANTER.

B E L I N D A

TO

H A R R I E T

London, 28th June, 17—

I WISH your complaint, my dear Harriet, may not prove a *fatality*, passing advice.

vice. With pain I have observed the rapidity of its progression, and much lamented, that the stile of your letters hitherto excluded me from answering them. At best, I am not mirthsome; and of late, sadness has entirely taken possession of my breast. How very different is Fortescue, to the libertine, whose fulsome rhapsodies you have listened to!

Shun this Doyley, as you would the hidden serpent—extract the poison which you have imbibed, that issued from his tongue; and regard his conduct with all the abhorrence and contempt, due from wounded honour. But do not harbour a thought of revenge: believe me, it will be attended with greater dangers than those you have already escaped. Leave him to the punishment of his own conscience; but which, however great to a mind capable of the least reflection, is not sufficiently severe. One of his worthless companions has offered similar violence to me, and with much less pretension; but I trust I have dispelled the monster in the very onset of his career. In effecting this, I am indebted to my dear Uncle and Guardian—to one whose *musty advice*, as you are pleased to denominate it, would have spared you your recent pain of mind. However, as your heart appears bending into contrition, I have copied for
you

you some of his last letters ; and therein you will find the sentiments of

Your

BELINDA.

GOODWILL

To

F O R T E S C U E .

London, 3d July, 17—

I MUST attribute my not hearing from you, to the difficulty which I find attends a communication with your garrison. My fervent prayers are, that the hand of Providence may shield you from danger ; and that the dreadful preparations of our insulting combined foes, may be turned upon themselves!

I have, of late, been furnished with ample scope for your amusement ; each day introducing me to some new character worthy

thy of delineation. Not long ago, I was met by a friend, who told me he was going to visit one of the most eccentric characters of the age, and to whom he offered to introduce me.

“ This oddity,” continued my friend, “ is a Dr. Stratagem, a clergyman of small preferment in Ireland ; who, like Fielding’s Parson Adams, has come to London, to vend his works. The Doctor’s genius, however, soars above that of Adams, whose only forte was *sermon-making* ; as the former, independent of his writings on divinity, has attempted every branch of literature, both in the ancient and modern style. His merit in the dead languages is great ; but his style in his mother tongue, is a strange mixture of the sublime and bombast. As a Grecian, he stands unrivalled ; for, in what he terms a *poetic frenzy*, he has executed a more arduous undertaking, than perhaps imagination ever before surmised. This is a translation of Milton’s Paradise Lost, into Greek verse, in the style and manner of Homer ; and he has so far succeeded, as to present it in print to his Majesty ; and for which he received the modern reward of merit—a *gracious reception* !”

By.

By this time we reached Doctor Stratagem's lodgings. We found him in a second-rate second floor, surrounded by a groupe of people, of various descriptions, all apparently anxious to render him service. The subject of their convention was, to consider of the practaibility of acting one of his tragedies, which had been refused by the managers. The Earl of S——, I found, was the Doctor's patron, and through his interest he had obtained a grant of the Opera-House, for a certain number of nights; but, when the performance was nearly ready for the public eye, an intimation was received, "that it was the pleasure
" of a *great personage*, that no English re-
" presentation, should be exhibited on that
" theatre."

The Doctor's patron, under the noble attribute of rewarding neglected merit, exerted himself with redoubled assiduity, to procure him some other public place for the performance. This only was wanting; for a sufficient number of his friends had undertaken to represent the characters, and their rehearsals had been conducted under that able stage veteran, the present prompter of Drury-Lane Theatre.

The Doctor's friends were indefatigable. Every public place was canvassed, and nothing resulted, but unsurmountable difficulties,

ties, and remediless objections. It was the middle of the season for the little theatre in the Haymarket—the Pantheon would drown the voice—Ranelagh was too far off—a public auction-room too contemptible—in short, no prospect remained, save the Winter theatres; and on this being made known to Lord S——, he actually found means to prevail upon the patentees to consign to the Doctor the use of Drury-Lane Theatre for thirteen nights. So unprecedented a favour astonished the town, who could scarcely believe the advertisements which announced the performance.

A play, at a public theatre, performed by private ladies and gentlemen, was a novelty which could not fail attracting the attention of all ranks of people. The boxes were engaged by the nobility, and the crowd was exceeding great in the other parts of the house; and if I may judge from the contending tumults of applause, and laughter—friends, and hired foes—I have reason to think, that the latter only went dissatisfied.

The Doctor, who was totally unskilled in declamation, as well as most other requisites for a public performance, assigned his characters to any one, who had vanity to suppose themselves in possession of the requisites for an actor. Hence his mean-
ing

ing was often perverted, and many beauties lost in rant and buffoonery; nor could the judicious performance of his remaining friends, replace the distorted visages of the audience. So that in the Doctor's tragedy, there appeared an equal mixture of pathos and bombast, both in the writing and representation. However, every purpose was accomplished—the Doctor filled his pockets—the performers served their friend—and the unbiassed part of the audience were gratified. This, I am told, is the only instance in which the Doctor profited from his elaborate works. As to the Greek translation, there are not perhaps twenty purchasers in the nation; and—O tempora! O mores!—the present Court etiquette, favours not the Muses.

G. GOODWILL.

WORTHY

W O R T H Y

T O

B E L I N D A

—Place July, 5th 17—,

WITH extreme anguish, my dear girl, have I felt the danger to which you have been exposed, and with equal joy my heart bounds at your escape. At the name of that *arch pander*, Ranter, affrighted nature revolts—for in his mind, infamy holds her court: judge then, the state of mine, on hearing a complaint of him, from one so dear to me! It will, doubtless, appear a paradox to virtue, where such a human monster was nurtured; and from what source such unexampled villainy sprung. I shall therefore, as every mention of him, is a publication of his villainy, give you some account of his progressive advances to the summit of infamy.

In the onset of his career, he was a follower to the army in America, for plunder, but under the specious pretext of selling strong liquors to the foldiers. He was then married to one of those infamous women who barter virtue, and innocence, at a for-
did

did price, and accumulate wealth at the expence of the ruin and prostitution of such unhappy wretches of her own sex, as she can seduce from the paths of morality. Let me not wound my dear girl's gentle nature, by asserting, that such she-devils exist, for, to the disgrace of our police, they are an increasing evil, spreading with fatal contagion, in every principal town in the kingdom—and how can the poor bird escape the snare, if it is not taught to avoid the haunts of the fowler? This woman, through the medium of such unpardonable infamy, raised her wicked associate to a post of honour and emolument. Heavens!—that the sun should shine upon monsters, the earth must groan under—that they are suffered to go from guilt to guilt, 'till shameless malice laughs at all remorse!—surely, 'tis so in this detested major. His wife, it is true, was marked by the offended finger of Providence, and suffered a death ignominious and dreadful, as had been her life, but not before she had run a long course of wickedness; yet he, undaunted by her example, still remains each day heaping sin upon sin. But wherefore should I digress, to question the dispensations of Providence!— —

Ranter became noticed by a certain debauched officer, high in command, and, for the *services* of his wife, he was appointed

ed futtler, or mess-man to the regiment; and soon after promoted to a quartermastership of infantry, with an ensigncy tacked to it. If such was the reward of merit, and such the example of commanders, it is no longer a matter of surprise, that so many of our young officers, whose little all purchased their commissions, returned to their native country, lost to both honour, fortune, and constitution.

Thus was Ranter, from the meanest follower of the army, raised to the rank of Major—a post, in which abilities and integrity are required in a most eminent degree. The unfortunate and disgraceful war in America being ended, he was turned loose upon the public, to prey upon innocence and virtue.

When sin keeps pace with years, the possessors know no bounds to their appetites. This major, unsatiated with his own pursuits of infamy, disseminates his baneful example, to all who fall within the circle of his acquaintance, corrupting the morals of every young man, who will listen to him. By his contrivance, a youth has gained admission to our friends at Crazy-Hall—I tremble for the consequences, yet, so great is human weakness, that family interferences generally prove of a dangerous tendency: I have therefore withheld my opinion, though

though strongly importuned to give it, by the 'squire.

Surely my Belinda will erase from her mind, the memory of Fortescue. He is an officer ; and as one wicked child will corrupt the morals of its playmates, so in a regiment, where the government may in some measure be compared to that of youthful seminaries, will virtue, in time, bend to an unremitting, ill example.

J. WORTHY.

F O R T E S C U E

T O

G O O D W I L L .

Gibraltar, 5th June, 178—

THANKS—a thousand thanks, to my dear friend, for his letters. But my obligations would have multiplied, until numeration would have proved inadequate to express them ; could I have therein once seen, the dear name of Belinda ! Even through the dark cloud of reprobation, you might,
under

under favour of my situation, have darted one refulgent ray of comfort—for such as the tortured sparrow must feel, on its escape from the tormenting boy, would the mention of her name, have proved to me!—And yet I should not complain—for your friendship throws a shade over modern attachments, and rivals even brotherly love.

A prosperous voyage brought us most seasonably into the garrison, for it had been some time in daily expectation of the opening of the enemy's batteries. The encampment of our combined foes—the Spanish floating batteries—our artificers forges—and all the appendages of “grim visaged” war—give dreadful note of preparation.”

A few days after our arrival, a victualler from England, in making the Bay, was observed by a Spanish cruiser; which gained upon her chace with such rapidity, that she was reduced to the dreadful alternative of being taken or running on shore, at the hazard of the lives of all on board. She chose the latter; and bulged, a short distance from the Spanish camp. A detached party was ordered to cover the escape of the crew, as we observed the advanced guard of the enemy making towards the wreck. I was ordered, it being my tour of duty, upon this service; and though the appearance of danger was very inconsiderable, yet my

my mind was far less serene, than in the hottest skirmish, I experienced in America, I had forebodings, that something fatal or miraculous would be the result of the enterprize. The enemy made a halt, as if to dispute the prize. We however advanced with a brisk pace, until the enemy fired upon us. The commander of our detachment, Captain B——, still pressed forward, ordering us not to return the fire at so great a distance; and after receiving another volley, which only slightly wounded two of our privates, the enemy retreated with much precipitation to their encampment. Upon coming up to the wreck, the first of the sufferers who attracted my attention was Wantman. All my resentment was dispelled, in the calls of humanity; and it so fell out that I saved his life, at the imminent risk of my own. To a generous mind, I think there must be an innate satisfaction in blotting an injury from remembrance; for I hold implacable resentment, to be the attribute of a fiend.

Wantman appeared grateful, and I found myself most happy that my forebodings were reversed, from what I apprehended; for I more feared his machinations, than the fire of the enemy. He told me, that his wounds were not of that dangerous tendency, which his surgeon at first apprehended,

hended, and that he found himself able to follow us, soon after our embarkation at Plymouth. But the real case I believe to be, that they were magnified, for the purpose of satiating a diabolical revenge? and, failing in that, the fear of losing his commission had urged him to follow us in the first vessel.

I intreat you, not to pass an opportunity of writing to,

Your most sincere,

W. FORTESCUE.

F O R T E S C U E

TO

W O R T H Y.

Gibraltar, June 10th, 178--

S I R,

THE guardian of a young lady has much cause, for both surprise and fear, whenever he is addressed touching his ward—at least,

least, such must be the emotions, under such a situation, of Mr. Worthy.

The charms of the lovely Belinda, have left on me a fascination, which have increased by the aid I sought to throw it off—time and reason have heightened my affection, instead of subduing it ; and with such rapid progress has it spread, that though thus far removed from its object, and with most scanty pretensions, have I been obliged to obey its impulse : even in the temerity of laying my passion before her affectionate protector. Love, all conquering love, must plead in my behalf ; and from the mention made of Mr. Worthy, I dare entertain the hope, that he will throw an unbiassed retrospect over his youthful days, and judge this apparent strange proceeding, by the laws of nature.

Of my birth, I have much to boast, for my family were universally beloved—of my fortune, I can say nothing ; but my profession, I honour and adore.

I am a soldier—and whether I have merited the full extent of that dignified appellation, my commanders must testify ; and some of them, I trust, ere long, will speak to you of me, just as I merit. But of this, and each circumstance, which your duty and affection to your ward, doubly cemented in the uncle and guardian, will urge you

to be possessed of; I pray you to suspend your opinion, until my arrival in England.

I have now done my duty to you—to my beloved—and to my own honour—in thus saying, that my love and ambition soars to an union in your family; and of this, the lady is no stranger.

I have the honour to be,

With due respect,

Sir,

Your very obedient.

WILLIAM FORTESCUE.

MAJOR

M A J O R R A N T E R

T O

C A P T A I N D O Y L E Y.

London, Wednesday.

YET, thou hast another chance for my forgiveness and benediction. Has the girl cash?—Money is the very soul of matrimony; and if she whom thou art about to espouse, possesses that—why—why—mayst thou regale thyself of that cloying dish, called *Matrimony*. Gold, luxurious gold, will make a dainty sauce.

To convince thee that I never advise, where my mind accords not—shew me the dame—be she not passing fair, but withal rich; and I may bend my mind once more, to the unfashioned state of wedlock. Thou hast said to me, of a maiden—antique, I grant you, and somewhat fat—named Bridget. Tell me that she can ponderate with golden weights, and she shall forthwith become a Major's Lady—yea, the honest wife of

RALPH RANTER.

GOOD-

GOODWILL

TO

FORTESCUE.

London, July 1st, 178—

STILL, my dear Fortescue, do you urge me to write to you of Belinda. Much as I disapprove of your passion, yet when I consider your situation—how much each individual owes to those who leave their native land, to avenge their country's wrongs, and punish her perfidious foes—my feelings are at variance with me, when I withhold what may prove the smallest comfort to your mind.

Thus then, am I driven to the subject. She is well—and that I might from my own knowledge tell you so, I yesterday paid a visit to Mrs. Worthy, whom I found, together with Belinda, under an evident embarrassment. Suspend your emotions, for methinks I see you pause, and turn pale—your fair one is yet safe.

The

The situation of the ladies, not more engaged my attention, than a grotesque and ancient figure, which bore the appearance of having once been an appendage to the army ; and from him I soon found their embarrassment proceeded. Though I am no pretender in the mystery of physiognomy, yet, methought I read in this old man's face, something that did not betray " a life " well spent." Under this impulse, my imagination left its bent, and sported with his figure.

He was about six feet in altitude, and yet so miserably anatomised by the apparent effects of debauchery, that he had not six ounces of flesh upon his whole frame. His nose, was nearly covered with excrescences of fungus flesh, and of a deep scarlet colour. His mouth, was very wide, and constantly half open—teeth he had none. Time had also ungenerously thinned his locks, and scattered over his ancient cranium, the grisly blossoms of approaching dissolution. His hands and feet were of that uncommon form, which we observe in our modern *castratos* ; when nature, diverted from its natural courses, wantons in the joints and extremities of the body. His hips were large, with projecting bones ; and his thighs, long and crooked. His knees were so extremely inverted, as to form an obtuse angle ;

angle ; and the knees of his breeches bore the appearance of being worn to constant tatters.

A truce to your risibility—for this ADO-NIS is your rival!—A Major Ranter, a character I understand well known in the annals of infamy. In short, my dear William, this bugbear to beauty, was actually under the influence of Cupid—a languishing swain, attendant on your Belinda. But I will no longer torture you—I witnessed a conduct in the ladies, which reflected honour on themselves, while it entailed disgrace upon him ; and I verily believe my presence secured them from a retaliation, correspondent with his figure and conduct.

I will not ask you, if you found an interest in the account I gave you of Mr. P——, the young soldier, with whom I became acquainted at our friend Mr. M——'s. I am persuaded, his misfortunes, and his elevated humility, must endear him to the tenderness and humanity of your nature.

After he had adopted the profession of a soldier, in the humble station of a private trooper, it was with much difficulty Mr. M—— could prevail on him to continue his visits. He no longer considered himself in a situation to visit his friends, fearing the lowliness of his situation might by some accident

accident be known. He therefore determined upon a separation, which, however wounding to his feelings, was yet, as his delicacy conceived, indispensable to his honour ; but Mr. M—— knew his merits too well to admit such a sacrifice ; and by the arguments of a brother, over-ruled the sensibility of a friend.

In the regiment, he is much respected by the officers, particularly the adjutant ; who has been confidentially let into the secret of his history. By this gentleman he is also employed in the adjustment of the regimental accounts, and upon every occasion, where fine writing, and a mathematical knowledge of figures are necessary ; for, among other accomplishments, those he possesses in a very eminent degree.

By the private men, he is regarded as a mystery, and a prodigy ; and whatever envy may be excited by his superior abilities and appearance, is overawed, or rather suppressed, by his judicious conduct. When out of regimentals, the metamorphosis is truly surprising ; insomuch, that those who know him perfectly in the character of a soldier, are as much staggered as myself, when I first saw him on duty at the Horse Guards. A proof of this you will receive in the following incident.

Walking with him and Mr. M—— in Hyde-park, we observed at some distance, advancing towards us, Colonel B——, the acting major of the troop to which he belongs. P——, with marks of great embarrassment, requested us to lag behind, and upon passing the colonel, he saluted him with due respect. The colonel returned the compliment with equal politeness, and then, stopping short, followed him with his eyes, until we were also passing him. Colonel B—— addressed us with much civility, observing, that as the gentleman who had just saluted him, appeared of our party, he begged the favour of knowing his name, for he really could not recollect him. If P——'s situation was awkward, I can assure you, ours was no less perplexing. Mr. M—— however answered—that our conversation was merely accidental, in consequence of an object, which a few moments before, luckily presented—a wounded deer, which, by the inhumanity of the keepers, was permitted to remain, in lingering torment.

When Mr. P—— is met by any of the privates, such is the irresistible controul of a gentlemanly aspect, that the compliment due alone to officers, is involuntarily paid to him, before the recollection of equality prevents the effects of a first impression.

To

To a mind less sensible and judicious, those incidents might probably give pleasing emotions ; but their consequences are very different to Mr. P——, who, in the humblest situation of his duty, finds infinitely less pain, than upon such occasions.

Adieu—

G. GOODWILL.

DOYLEY.

TO

R A N T E R.

Crazy Hall, 178—

O JEPHTHA, judge of Israel, that it should come to this! ———

Sooner should I have suspected Sir John Falstaff to forsake sack and sugar—sooner to quit his trade of lying—than thou to favour matrimony ! The gay veteran of the circles of gallantry, whom nothing galled, save

save the reflection of having once been ensnared in Cupid's nets, and led by the wanton God to an hymeneal sacrifice—that such a man as this, should ever again attempt to gorge the word WIFE, is strange—most strange! The world, I find, is still pregnant with miracles—therefore I'll no longer marvel.

Already then, I hail thee UNCLE RANTER!—For those acquirements which thou specifiest, is Miss Bridget in the full possession of; and that they are thine, I prophesy. Thus manned, no more of the *Dog in Breeches*; for “who, with impunity, will affront a MAJOR's LADY?”

Thus much for thee, grave sage—of myself, it is now meet that I should speak.

The motley cloak of libertinism cast off, and attired in the fair mantle of sincerity, I again approach my fair one. She too had changed her garb, for one, the index of her mind. Our interview—but how short must words fall in a description!—It produced a reciprocal detestation of our past, and a well digested plan for our future conduct—a mutual forgiveness; terminated in my permission to attempt to render her retribution, for the practice of thy illicit precepts.

May'st thou so succeed!—But come not here—

here—approach me not—for I have proved the fallacy of thy manœuvres—

The *venerable maiden* decamps to-morrow; and returns forthwith to Wrangle Warren, in Hants, her residence. Nothing more will I say—for to advise one so learned in the law of love, would be the height of presumption in

F. DOYLEY.

F O R T E S C U E

to

G O O D W I L L.

Gibraltar, Sept. 16th, 178—

I PRAY you be not alarmed for your friend's safety, though you find his name in the list of wounded; for yet is he in the land of the living, after braving death in many shapes. Neither rejoice in finding the name of his domestic foe Wantman, among the slain; for in the horrors of a shocking

shocking death, he rendered dreadful expiation for his sins.

We had not been a month in the garrison, before the Spaniards opened their batteries; and besieged us, with the fury of determined victory. How shall I describe the intrepidity of our little garrison?—Each individual, as it were, catching the bravery of their immortal commander. But as your daily prints, ere you can receive this, must teem with effusions of rapturous gratitude; I shall refer you for an account of public services, to public accounts.

During the heat of the siege, the division in which both Wantman and myself were posted, was ordered to support a detachment, which was more exposed to the enemy's fire. The shot here whistled round our heads, and many of our brave soldiers fell.

Malice, in the breast of a villain, is more to be dreaded, than the spear of a proclaimed foe. Though the enemy's shot spared me, I once more had nearly fallen a sacrifice to the implacable villainy of Wantman—of him whose life I had so recently saved.

Turning suddenly round, to observe the disposition of that part of the bastion which we had recently left; I saw Wantman, in the very act of levelling at me, a fallen soldier's

dier's musket. I had barely time to seize the bayonet, which alone was in my reach, and happily fixed, before the piece went off. By these most fortuitous circumstances, I saved my life, at the expence of a shattered hand and arm; and Providence, as if to secure my future safety, almost in the same instant, directed a ball from the enemy, through his body. He expired in all the horrors of a guilty mind, calling upon me for pity and forgiveness.

Though these circumstances were soon known to the garrison, yet that our foes might remain in ignorance of the disgraceful accident, I requested Colonel Garton to pass the matter over, by including me in the wounded list.

W. FORTESCUE.

GOODWILL

TO

F O R T E S C U E,

London, 10th July, 178—

WHAT a persuasive charm in virtue!
—Though surrounded by misfortunes, and
com-

communicating solicitude alone, it yet conciliates and cements affection!

I need not, my dear Fortescue, observe, that though universal the remark, it, for the present, refers entirely to Mr. P——, the amiable hero of my late correspondence. A prospect, however, begins to open, which, I flatter myself, will soon afford him comfort. Such is the interest I have found in his situation, that I have insisted on uniting my efforts to effect it, to that of Mr. M——, which are indefatigable. We have lately discovered, that Colonel B——e, the soldier—the orator—the friend of the immortal Wolfe—and the befriended of mankind—is Mr. P——'s distant relation; and that his elder brother, now abroad, has already obtained a company, through the colonel's interest.

As I was in some degree acquainted with this respected veteran, we proposed to Mr. P——, that I should make a personal application to him; which, after some doubts and delicacies respecting his brother, upon whose interest, he said, he was afraid of trenching; he at length consented to. You will conclude, I lost no time in the execution of my engagement, and I am sure will be happy when you know the event.

The colonel received me with his accustomed ease and complaisance, and listened
to

to my narrative with tenderness and attention; for, to his honour be it spoken, he is no less compassionate, than brave.

I was at first a good deal surprised to find that he was no stranger to Mr. P——'s situation; though at the same time he observed, that he had no personal knowledge of him. Perceiving my emotions, he soon not only developed, but reconciled the mystery.

He had been told, he said, by a near—a very near relation of the young man's—not from any motives of dislike—but to prevent an appropriation of favours, which might probably be disgraced—that he had been extremely wild, and had been guilty of a breach of trust and confidence, which made it impossible, however he might be inclined to pity his misfortunes, to alleviate them.

When I tell you, the reality of this charge, you will not wonder, that I felt my breast fired with indignation at the calumny, and its dark insidious promoter. the truth is—that a female attachment, of a singularly tender nature, and at a period when the judgment is, almost invariably, subordinate to passion; had in a manner compelled him to certain pecuniary intemperance: but in itself, so trifling, as to be scarcely perceptible upon the scale of moral irregularity,

irregularity, and, for which he has made ample retribution.

Having explained this circumstance with candour, yet with as much favour as possible; I touched upon the fascinating force of female attractions, and made certain allusions to ancient and *modern* heroes, who had lost more than a few paltry guineas, by immolating to the Paphian deity. The generous B——e seemed highly pleased with the warmth of my zeal, and pressing my hand, said—that if my friend (for so he would call him) bore as good a name in his public station, as I gave him from my own private observation, he would provide for him agreeably to his merits.

Thus you see, my dear Fortescue, that I can subdue the hearts of conquerors.

After my victory, you may assure yourself I did not remain long upon the field—I grew impatient to declare the news of acquisition; and therefore, after proper acknowledgments, I took my leave, exulting in the success of my achievement.

Upon my return to my friend Mr. M——'s, I found P—— waiting with inexpressible anxiety for the verdict of his fate—but my countenance anticipating the intelligence, joy and gratitude almost deprived him of utterance. —————

However

However the most philosophical mind may appear to support humiliation, there is an active principle in the soul, which still aims at, and irresistibly assimilates with, prosperity; and ambition laudable in all—in those “who have known more plentiful days”—inherent and impulsive——

This principle, for the first time, expressed itself in Mr. P——, who, when I had related the particulars of my interview with the colonel, acknowledged, that his heart felt ineffable sensations—that for many a day his life had been a burthen, and that my friendship, conjoined with that of Mr. M——, had restored him to himself—and to society.

As he stands so high in the esteem of all the officers of the troops, we have determined not to attempt any previous preparation; but to let Colonel B——’s enquiries take their natural, and unbiassed course.

I hope a few days will afford me an opportunity of concluding the history of Mr. P——, as well to the indulgence of your generous feelings, as the happiness of

Your ever faithful,

G. GOODWILL.

GOODWILL

GOODWILL

76

F O R T E S C U E.

*(In continuation of the last.)*London, 21st. July, 178—

THE promise of Colonel B—e, which is ever sacred, is followed by another circumstance, equally propitious to Mr. P—. His brother, the captain, is just arrived, with his wife and family, from abroad.

A private soldier, whom the captain retains as his servant, being accidentally at Knightsbridge, where the Second Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards is quartered, observing Mr. P—, immediately recognised so strong a family resemblance, that he could not resist the temptation of asking him certain questions—and in short, soon found, that he was the brother of his master.

This discovery took wing—and soon flew, from the private to the general (General S—th), who immediately sent for our hero,

hero, and desired him to tell his brother, that he would be glad of an interview. You recollect, no doubt, the character of Gen. S—th, as a disciplinarian; and you may from thence form a still more favourable notion of the respect, which Mr. P—— supports in the troop.

He has not yet seen his brother, but intends visiting him in the morning. I long much to know the result; and, as you may possibly possess the same friendly curiosity, shall defer concluding my letter until after the meeting.

Tuesday Evening.

Mr. P—— is just returned from the important interview; and if inference may be drawn from appearance, it has not been propitious.

The captain, when first he saw him, seemed to doubt the evidence of his eyes!—He could not reconcile the idea he had formed of his brother, to the gentlemanly aspect which presented.—But recovering a little from his embarrassment, he at length condescended to stretch forth his hand—and, after a formal inclination of his body,
to

to recommend a chair. The wife, with whom the younger P—— had formerly been in the utmost degree of friendship, and familiarity, was rivetted to her chair, and scarcely permitted her eyes to move upwards. The children gazed, as at an object of curiosity—and the servant, who had a short time before seen him in regimentals, stood mute with consternation!

“ I am sorry, Jack,” said the captain, “ that your indiscretion has reduced you “ to the situation which I hear you at present are in—but, you see, I have a “ large family, and little enough to support them. I hope therefore you do not “ build any reliance upon my ability to “ serve you; for the truth is, I have nothing in my power. Colonel B——e “ has promised to give me a small appointment in the civil line: and, when that “ takes place, I may be able to afford you “ some little assistance.”

“ You need not,” answered our mortified hero, “ refuse what has not been demanded of you. I do not mean to “ cumber you, or injure your family in any “ respect. I have contrived to live many “ years without your assistance; and “ though I may not be happy, I can still be “ independant. You might have spared “ me

“ me the recollection of indiscretions, for
“ which I have severely suffered. Colonel
“ B——e has also promised *me* his friend-
“ ship, and I am confident he will not ne-
“ glect me.”

At this part of the conversation, the lady, who before had affected total indifference, could no longer keep her station—a sudden *fidjet* of foul humours, commonly called envy, dispatched her to the opposite side of the apartment—then, whisking in a *quadrangle*, she made an extempore exit. Mr. P——, who observed and understood her manœuvres, followed with his eyes, smiling contempt and exultation.

Whether upon the departure of the lady, Captain P——, beame more master himself, or that nature began to meliorate, is not certain; but true it is, that he now spoke in kinder terms—made some fraternal observations, and offered a small pecuniary attestation of his regard, which was however rejected with becoming spirit.

Upon parting, a promise of repeating the visit was extorted; but I am inclined to think, the performance will not be sudden. All that dejection of spirit—that anxiety of visage—that alternate absence and reflection, which heretofore was so obvious in poor P——, seems to have returned, with additional degrees of expression; so that it will
exercise

exercise much of our assiduity to expel the effect of this meeting, which I protest, is one of those evil events, that make me, at times, repulsive to my species.

As to Colonel B——e, I am resolved that no engagement to the elder brother shall supersede his good intentions to the younger. I will renew my application in a few days; but at present I am informed an inflammation in his eyes prevents him from admitting company—the captain and his family excepted. The former is his amanuensis; while the lady reads to him, and amuses him with stories of her travels. If she is as tedious, as I fear my letter will prove, her avocation will soon expire.

W. GOODWILL.

GOODWILL.

GOODWILL.

to

FORTESCUE.

(*In continuation.*)

London, 2d Aug. 178—

AFTER the meeting between Mr. P— and his brother, a week had elapsed without hearing of the former; but we were not at all alarmed at the interval, as his duty often detained him, even longer. On the *eighth day*, Mr. M— received a verbal intimation, that he was *not very well*, and that he much wished to see him. I happened to be present at the instant, and offered to accompany my friend—the proposal was accepted, and we set off together.

To Mr. M—, who had often attended similar summonses, there was no novelty in the scene; to me, every object appeared interesting. The room which Mr. P— occupied, was in the upper part of the

G

futtling

stutling-house—the approach incommodious and dirty—but the apartment itself, a striking emblem of its owner, regular, and clean, to exactness.

The door was opened by a respectable looking soldier, whom the Adjutant had generously selected for the purpose. The man appeared much affected, and in a low whisper told us, his patient had not slept for two days and nights, until that time. We sat down, and endeavoured to divert melancholy, by looking into two books, which lay on the table before us. In about twenty minutes, a pale emaciated hand, put back, what was substituted for a curtain, and in a faint voice demanded, “Who is there?”—Mr. M—— answered; and going to the bed side, with an affected cheerfulness, made such enquiries as are natural on such occasions.

“I have brought your friend Goodwill to see you, my dear Jack,” continued he. “Alas!” replied poor P——, “I am born to create anxiety—but my probation is nearly expired—the vital lamp of life is almost extinguished!”—By this time I had a full view of his face, which scarcely bore a vestige of what it was, but a week before. His eyes had lost all their vivacity and lustre—his nose was narrowed—his cheek exceedingly fallen in—and his lips,

fips, pale, as if they had been pressed by the leaden sceptre of dissolution. "Good heaven!" I exclaimed, "What can be the meaning of this sudden alteration?"—Mr. M——, in whose friendly eye stood the bursting tear of sincere affection, stopt my enquiry; and observed, that his friend Jack was liable to such attacks, which, however were as sudden in their departure, as they were violent in their gradations. But the sick man raising himself by a sort of wild, and violent exertion—closing his hands with energy, and lifting his languid eyes to heaven, pronounced with extacy—"This—this, I trust, will be the last!—Heaven has at length listened to the secret inclination of my heart, and will remove me from a world of misery and misfortune, to an eternity of happiness!—O my friends, were you to know how often I have struggled with adversity—how often I have been tempted to usurp the prerogative of Providence—you would rejoice, as I do, at the approach of a consummation, which at once indulges my ambition, and saves me perhaps from presumption!—The work wants your holy aid, and it is complete——Pray to me—pray for me, dear Goodwill!"——

The emotions which accompanied this short speech, were too violent for the weak-

ness of his state—he sunk down, with a deep sigh, into his former position.—

Recovering again in some time, Mr. M—— asked him, if his brother knew of his illness—and if he had had proper advice?—

He said, he had seen his brother *once*, since his first interview, by the desire of General S—th. The general had requested him to say—that he should immediately have an honourable discharge, and that he, and the other officers of the corps, would gladly unite with fraternal interest, in favour of his promotion.

“ Well, my dear Jack,” said Mr. M—, “ is not that sufficient to support your spirits?—May he that can fully reward such virtue, promote the general’s happiness?”

“ Alas!—alas!”—returned poor P——, “—all men are not alike benevolent!—My brother, conceiving the emoluments of a commission, insufficient for my support, as a gentleman, and that I might possibly be impelled to call upon his aid—or, that by an open avowal of my natural claims, he should pledge himself to gratify my natural expectation—which, I know not—absolutely refused the general’s invitation.”— —

Again

Again his strength failed him—He fainted on the pillow—and it was a considerable time, before proper applications restored him.

He did not however forget, on his revival, to pursue the topic; for he concluded with declaring, that the difficulties in which he had lately been involved, were more than his nature was capable of enduring.

Having continued as long as we thought prudent, and observing that sleep seemed inclined to restore human nature, we departed, under the pleasing hope of having, in some measure, eased the mind of our sick friend; but first enquired of the soldier, who attended, if Captain P—— had been informed of his brother's alarming situation. The soldier answered in the affirmative, and added, that the captain had promised to bring a physician to him the next morning. We have determined to meet them; and I much wish, I could conclude my letter by saying, that the result was propitious—but the packet, ere the meeting can take place, will sail; and I remember your injunctions to omit no opportunity of writing you—therefore adieu—

Ever yours,

Most sincerely,

G. GOODWILL.

GOODWILL.

GOODWILL

T O

F O R T E S C U E.

*(In Conclusion.)**London, 4th August, 178—*

SHIELD your sensibility, my dear William, with all the fortitude your reason can assume; and prepare for a catastrophe which, notwithstanding, will find its way to the tenderest recesses of your heart.

The ruffian death, has stretched forth his terrific arm, and robbed us of the object, which so long employed our unremitting attentions! —————

I told you, that we had determined upon meeting the captain, and his physician. We arrived there before them, and had the transient pleasure of finding our friend infinitely more composed. He had, he said, made up his mind in a *certain respect*, which he wished to communicate to Mr. M——; to whom it was a sort of triumph,

triumph, which produced tranquility ; and made the prospect before him, still more pleasing.

The hint of a private communication to Mr. M—— would have urged me instantly to retire ; but I had a curiosity to see the captain, which I could not easily conquer. Besides, I longed to hear the opinion of the doctor ; and my disposition was soon gratified, for the attendant soldier announced the arrival of both.

In the captain, I could plainly perceive a much greater degree of embarrassment, than affection—whether from pride, or self interest, was impossible to discriminate. He had some personal knowledge of Mr. M——, but so ungracious was his confusion, he did not appear to notice any particular object.

Sir R—— J——, for he was the physician, upon feeling his patient's pulse attentively, asked, if any extraordinary anxiety or grief, had at any time moved him?—The question, for some time, remained suspended. Mr. M—— looked earnestly at the captain, who, attempting to speak, failed in articulation. Upon which Mr. M—— said, he believed *sorrow* to be the cause of his malady. Sir R—— then enquired of his patient, in what manner he found himself affected?—He felt, he said,
a weight

a weight upon his heart, which prevented him from breathing—he was susceptible of fear—and his *spirits extremely low*. Sir R——, continuing to watch his pulsations, asked his age, and appeared much surprised at being told it—He would, he said, have supposed him ten years older.

After a tender and judicious investigation, Sir R—— and Mr. M—— retired into another room—the one to prescribe—and the other to satisfy the solicitude of friendship.——

The remainder of this tragedy, I had from Mr. M——, for I never saw poor P—— afterwards. The doctor pronounced his illness to be, what was justly denominated, *a broken heart*. “Nature,” he said, “had struggled hard, but the cause was too potent for resistance. The machine was totally destroyed, and it was impossible to save, or even to prolong existence.” He added, that he would order him something, to soften the rigour of dissolution; but that his future attendance would be unavailing.

The captain heard this sentence without much emotion. He however gave his hand to his dying brother; and—recommending cheerfulness—departed.

The captain appears to be, one of those *yea and nay* characters, to whom every concern

cern but self interest is indifferent. He has rather a handsome, than an expressive countenance; and speaking anatomically, possesses too much *body*, for the portion of animal spirits, which nature has allotted him—But to return—

When P—— found himself alone with Mr. M——, after a flood of tears—and a pause of extreme emotion—he addressed him to the following effect—

You have heard, my generous—my valued friend—of an attachment, which, at a very early period of life, deranged my circumstances. It was the bane of all my hopes—the blight of all my projects! It was however a mischief of so bewitching a nature, that although I foresaw the consequences, I hugged it to my heart, and braved them. If I had been alone the sufferer, I would not in the present awful moment, feel compunction. But—alas!—the partner of my transient felicity—has also been the sharer of my woe! Her father—a rigid professor of the Romish church—suspected our mutual passion: and, by sternly commanding me *not to involve his daughter in certain perdition*, and forbidding me his house, thought to extinguish the flame, which love had lighted in our hearts—but in vain, we saw each other by stealth, and in some time were privately married. None

but the holy friend who joined our hands, and the all-seeing eye of heaven, witnessed our vows. O my friend!—ask me not her mind!—ask me not her beauties!—the recollection of both, hasten my dissolution!—they recall images and desires, which I flattered myself I had subdued!—

Our chaste, though stolen joys, soon produced a consequence—which, while it flattered mutual affections, excited our most exquisite apprehensions. My beloved Amelia found herself in a situation, which could not fail betraying our intercourse. Our fears were but too well founded. Her father, whose ruling passion was domestic tyranny, observed the alteration; and in a rage, approaching frenzy, forced her to confess our union. With intreaties, which would have prevailed on any less obdurate breast, she sought forgiveness; but in vain!—In vain were the intercessions of a fond mother!—In vain the interferences of pitying friends!—She was immediately commanded to quit the house, and followed by the bitterest anathemas of bigotted resentment.

So long as I could possibly protect my love, we lived together; but the means visibly declining, and nothing but pale poverty in view, I contrived to raise a sum of money; with part of which my intention

was,

was, as you know, to seek a better fortune in India—the remainder I left with my wife and infant child. ———

Again his narrative was stopped by tears—again his feelings agitating his feeble frame, he was obliged to recover strength, by a pause of many minutes. ——— At length he took a small key from under his pillow, and desired Mr. M—— to open a chest, which stood opposite—There, said he, you will find a bundle of letters, which seal carefully up, and dispose of them as I shall direct—and there also you will see a pair of scissors. Upon this, he raised himself erect, and taking off his night cap—let me beg of you to cut off a lock of my hair, and he cried, with much fervour—Oh!—save it from the grave—and from the worms—which must soon destroy the remainder!— ———

This request being complied with, and the hair folded carefully up, he appeared considerably calmer—which Mr. M——, whose heart was torn by more than fraternal sensibility, perceiving, endeavoured to increase, by every endearing, and judicious means. A generous sleep succeeded—and in that peaceful interval, his friend retired.

The next morning, as Mr. M—— was preparing for Knightsbridge, a loud single

gle rap at the door smote his ear like—what it really proved to be—the harbinger of death! ——— The attendant soldier appeared (swollen with grief), and delivered him a letter, which, he said, had been written some days. He added, that about midnight, poor P—— called for him, and desired him to carry it in the morning. That in about half an hour after, he heard an uncommon heavy sigh—and, drawing back the curtain, found that it was that, which wafted his gentle soul to bliss! ———

The letter contained nothing but instruction respecting the bundle of papers, and the hair; which, together with an inclosed letter, were to be transmitted to his wife in Ireland.

I must not omit telling you, as a further proof of my friend M——'s genuine sorrow, that he attended the funeral (which was military); and in contempt of pride, and over his friend's grave, paid the last tribute of sincere affection! ———

Farewell, my dear Fortescue—and if I should hear any thing interesting of the widow, and the fatherless, you shall know it from,

G. GOODWILL.

GOODWILL

G O O D W I L L

T O

F O R T E S C U

London, 26th July, 178—

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

TWO days after the melancholy exit of poor Mr. P—, his friend Mr. M— received a letter, of which the following is an exact copy. Except that we dare not arraign the will of heaven, which must ever be wise and just, one would almost doubt its mercy—but the thought is too impious to be encouraged.

To Mr. John P—, to the care of Mr. M—, &c.

JOY!—Joy—to my long divided love!—but that for a parent's death (however inexorable and severe) nature demands a tribute—I would be boundless in my happiness!—

For

For some months, my too rigid, my too remorseless father, displayed evident marks of bodily decline; but the inflexibility of his nature, would not permit him, even to apprehend a dissolution. His mind—but above all his resentment against us remained steady and immutable. Frequently did my amiable mother—often did our valued friends—endeavour to soothe his anger, and to conciliate his parental tenderness; but the seeds of affection—which, alas! were ever but too thinly scattered in his nature—seemed to be entirely choaked up, by the rank weeds of intemperate passion. As infirmity increased, he became more and more untractable; and I am persuaded, the tremulous workings of his soul, accelerated his dissolution.

Yesterday, I received a summons from my mother, to attend his last moments. Judge, my beloved John—judge my feelings!--judge my fears!—It was with the utmost difficulty, I could be prevailed upon to enter his bed chamber. I was so well acquainted with his reproaches, that I dreaded to encounter him, even when infirmity had sealed his trembling lips. However—summing up more resolution, than I thought was in my nature---I suffered myself to be led to his bed side---when falling on my knees, I implored forgiveness, until
my

my emotions and my tears stopped my utterance. When I had recovered, sufficiently to observe his countenance, I could plainly perceive his feelings were not less exquisite. He looked sternly at me—but I gently grasped his hand, and, bedewing it with my tears, declared, that without his blessing, I should die. In a few moments I was encouraged, by a gentle pressure of his hand, to look, once more, attentively in his face—in which I had the happiness to see the softened smile of paternal love. Never before, my dear John, did it express so much benignity. He suffered me to kiss his cold, clammy cheek; and with his feeble arms, pressed me to his bosom—where I remained, until the Priest, who attended him, humanely raised, and prevailed upon me to retire; observing, at the same time, in a low voice, that the remainder of his short time must be spent in spiritual preparation—the ceremonies and sacraments of his faith.—

From that time, until the “fell serjeant” had made good his arrest,” which was in about three hours, I did not see him; but had the joy to hear, from the kind priest, that he died in love, and in peace with all; and that his passage was as tranquil, as the separation of soul and body could admit.

Happily

Happily for us, my dearest John, he made no will; though often pressed to it by his kinsmen, James and Thomas P——, who, indeed, had every encouragement to expect a provision; and who, as they had conducted themselves with respect and friendship towards you, and tenderness to my mother and myself, must not be disappointed. There are means, my love, most amply adequate; for my poor father had accumulated an immense property, which heaven has now assigned to your care and disposal.

I have sent for our infant pledge, and his valuable nurse. O my love!---with what transport shall I now behold him when, in the moments of pale penury, he was my only consolation!-----Once more to be blessed in the society of my love---with my boy's innocent prattle---surrounded with affluence---and the prospect of every earthly bliss---is happiness, almost too great for a mortal!-----I am inclined, not to anticipate your happiness; yet I cannot resist boasting that he is a young Adonis, and his father's image!---

By this post, I have sent a credit upon the house of Grove and Hood, Crosby-Square, for one thousand pounds, and any further sum you may have use for; that your first appearance may be equal to your
fortune,

fortune, and that you may in London indulge the grateful, the generous feelings of your heart, where you have so long experienced friendship. Farewell---my beloved---my heart's delight---for a little while longer ---farewell!

AMELIA P.—.

With much pain have I copied this affecting letter---I can no more---nor dare I turn my thoughts to the widow, when she is apprised of her husband's fate! ———

G. GOODWILL.

MAJOR

MAJOR RANTER

TO

CAPTAIN DOYLEY.

Wednesday Morning.

IF Ralph Ranter be not in snug quarters in Wrangle Warren—why may—may—but I hate boasting, I—who am, at best, but “a mere ninny,” thou knowest—will not boast. No—let my DOINGS speak for themselves ———

“How gain admission?”—(*with hands clasped, and eyes uplift, methinks I hear thee exclaim*)—How! why hear—hear me, and marvel—wonder at the ingenuity—the fathomless depth in which I have immersed, in the mystical circumvolutions of the Hymeneal stream; and then say—am I a *dri-veller*? Why, you rogue, the Beaux Stratagem is a mere *flam* to it!

Thus then—myself armed cap-a-pee, (save my horse)—and the adventure will also shew thee, that a Major is somebody, even *with-*
out

out his horse. Boots, I grant ye, I had, else mightest thou exclaim with Major Sturgeon. But as I said, or was about to say—myself, armed as myself—my man, as a Serjeant—and my boy, a Drummer. They—one on the box, the other in the basket of the Winchester Coach, and myself in the inside, set off for Wrangle Warren.

“What—all this mighty armament to “attack one woman?” Peace—Peace—Sirrah!—Cease thy marvelling, “and lend “thine ear to my unfolding.”

We arrived at the village of —, three miles from the place of our destination, by supper time, with appetites befitting foldiers; but after much research, the most dainty morsel we could procure, was a *bacon frieuse and cabbage*, delicately stewed in stinking lard—and even this, we were obliged to wash down with stale beer!—However, hunger proved excellent sauce; and as the jug went round, I gave my orders, and posted each to his station.

At eleven the march began—nor Cæsar—nor Pompey—was more big with the fate of his expedition—or Cato, with the fate of Rome—than was the commander of this little army —

At midnight—(my troops being secretly disposed in Wrangle Court Yard)—as the Hall Clock struck Twelve, I gave the signal
for

for attacking the walls of *old fort Virgin*. Upon the word—two guns were fired, by the serjeant and myself; and this discharge was followed, by a long and loud ruffle of the drum. The windows soon opened; while I, seizing the advantage, in my major's voice, vociferated—

“Give no quarter to the Spaniards;
“but be merciful to such of the French,
“as capitulate!—The right wing to pursue
“the advantage—the left to return to the
“sea coast, and oppose any fresh invaders!
“—Quick!—March!—”

My serjeant and drummer wheeled off—beating with their feet the seapoy's time, to magnify their strength.—

About this time, another window opened, and a coarse voice ejaculated—“Jesus, have mercy on us!” By a faint light from the room (for the night was hideous dark) added to thy lively description, I doubted not but this was she herself—in loose attire calling on me for aid.

“You are safe, fair lady,” returned I, “you and yours. Open to me, the commander of the English army, your doors.” No sooner said, than done; and I entered the fort, “in all the pomp, and glorious circumstances of war!”

Of my progress, will I write anon—

Thine,

RALPH RANTER.

L I E U.

LIEUTENANT FORTESCUE

TO THE

REV. G. GOODWILL.

Gibraltar, 178—

MY wound, dear Goodwill, has furnished my colonel with a pretext for soliciting my leave of absence; and I am included in the list of wounded, who are to return home. I therefore write, merely to say so; for my heart is too much elated, to accommodate me with sufficient gravity to write to my dear Goodwill, as I could wish.

Colonel Garton, on communicating to me the success of his application in my favour; told me, that he also had serious thoughts of a speedy return to old England. My only ungratified wish now is, that the same vessel may bring us to our friends. Heavens!—how great my impatience, once more to see my native land!

WILLIAM FORTESCUE.

BELINDA

BELINDA WORTHY.

TO

HARRIET HAIRBRAIN.

—, near London, 12th Aug. 178—

I HAVE known the time, when my dear Harriet's letters, on subjects of little import, far outnumbered mine: now, that the most serious, and the highest object a woman can attain, is revolving in your mind; you entirely cut off all communications between us. Is it, because my last breathed the genuine sentiments of my mind?—or that in me you can admit the idea of *envy*?—that I am thus slighted? To alleviate my disappointment, and to chase away conjectures, which I think my Harriet does not merit, have I perused your recent letters; and in one of them I have met encouragement to “wave punctillios”—your own expression, my sweet girl, while *you* upbraid *me*, for lagging in correspondence.

In

In your last you besought my advice, in an affair—the very first object of a female mind—the protection of her honour, in the hour of danger.

It is in love, as in acquaintance. The slighted party, however justly they have incurred reproach, is restless, until an opportunity offers to retaliate. If Doyley thought he had gained a place in your affections, he acted like a villain—if he loved you, his conduct was that of a fool. Take it in any point of view, his attempt was vile, and deep laid. If he finds out your passion, from your remonstrance or impatience, you are lost. He is either indifferent about your heart, or thinks he has it secure; and, in either case, he is a most dangerous lover.

Your little head, and meandering heart, are, I fear, my dear Harriet, stuffed with Novels and Romances. They are, be assured, dangerous incentives, when they soar higher, “than to shew vice her own image.” Which of us who have read Richardson, that did not wish to be a Clarissa?—and where is the man that would not triumph, in assuming a Lovelace? As Milton almost converts the detestation of Satan into admiration, by representing him “armed, in “adamant and gold”—so do Novelists dress their ministers of intrigue in captivating colours, instead of exposing their vices.

Avoid

Avoid them, as you should this Doyley;
for they are equally, though not perhaps
immediately dangerous.—Mark the words
of the Poet—

'Tis not the ruby lip, and sparkling eye,
Can raise a passion, that should never die:
Beauty, the brightest, is the frailest flow'r:
To what amounts its weak, tho' boasted
pow'r?

Perhaps some giddy, thoughtless youth to
warm,

While bloom the graces of the lovely form:
But ah! how short the pride of beauty lasts,
Which ends with youth, or pain or sick-
ness blasts!

Be then advis'd, ye young and fair,
And let sublimer charms engage your care.
With ev'ry grace of mind attempt to shine;
With virtue, sense—with beauty, sweet-
ness join:

With these adorned, when beauty is no
more,

Yet still to charm, shall have the pleasing
pow'r;

And not a smile shall be bestow'd in vain,
But lasting as your worth, shall be your
reign.

MAJOR

MAJOR RANTER

TO

CAPTAIN DOYLEY.

I ENTERED the fort—but of this methinks I told thee in my last—I would that I could remember, in what part of this *virginic warren*, I then left myself.

I have it—The nymph huddled on some of her interior garments, and halted to greet me, as the protector of her person, property, and virtue.

Of her person, hast thou said largely—but judge how far short thy description fell, when she approached—decked in all the ornaments of sweet simplicity—unassisted by art—unadorned by dress! O how I found my heart enslaved!—

Her attire was perfectly suited to the night. A close mob cap of flannel, tied under the chin; and bound round her head with red lising; and which had the appearance

H ance

ance of holding in the day the same friendly intercourse with the top part of her stocking, as in the night with her cap. A worsted bed-gown, with strings in front, untied—and stockings ungartered. Petticoats—yes, she had *one*, of the same manufacture as her head-dress; but which was too scanty to cover a shift of “filthy dowlafs.” Her haste and agitation would not permit her to put on either shoes or stockings—hence arose a perfume, not perfectly odoriferous.

Such is the purposed reward of my present expedition!—Thus did she first present herself, to whom I hope to be wived!—

Love—the noblest passion of the mind.
Which binds—the libertine, to woman-kind,

When in our cup the cordial draught is
thrown

It makes a nauseous draught—go smoothly
down.

Love—all subduing love—which reverses the machinations of envy—and discovers a thousand beauties, where neither Venus nor Hebe ever reigned—has extended an influence over me (aided, I grant, somewhat by Plutus).

She spoke—ye Gods, how she spoke!—Nothing saidst thou, of either her orthography, or pronunciation. Perhaps it passed unobserved;

unobserved ; or rather, perhaps, thy rosebud of affection entire monopolizing thy attention. Thou wast bountiful, nay, lavish in communicating the incidents attending thy progressive love—and—I hate ingratitude !——Here then followed our first closet scene.

Enter Ralph Ranter and Miss Bridget.

Ralph---And you really Miss forgive me, for the scheme I practised on you, to gain admission to your dear presence.

Miss Bridget—Lud, Sir !—How could you sarve me so ?—The maco you made in the court yard was so great, that I thought there was in rallity, a purdidgeous conquest of people ; which you must nolledge, Sir, was a great improperiety.

Ralph.—"Your beauty was the cause."

Miss Bridget.—I wou, Sir, I trembled like an absent leaf ; but your impositions have in some measure made amends ; and I am now a little manured to it.

Scene suddenly closes.

Was it not time ?---rifibility would certainly have conquered my assumed gravity, had I not on the instant hit on an excuse for the sudden exit of

RALPH RANTER.

DOYLEY

TO

R A N T E R.

Crazy-Hall, 178—

IF the maiden has an affection for thee, and thou (I name not love in thee) regardedst her *gold*, so as to marry her, in order to become master thereof---well, be it so. I think, that “a pair was never formed, so “justly formed to please by nature”---therefore thou hast my hearty concurrence. But dishonour her not; neither disgrace the family to which I stand so fair to be allied. Let not the mastiff of love, put himself on a footing with a pug. ———

For myself---I am most cordially at enmity with the batchelor's life. An old batchelor is a nuisance, little inferior to old maids; for both are beings which nature never intended to create; or if she did, it was from the odds and ends, after the great work was over. Mark the course of an old batchelor.

He

He lives for himself alone: for himself he lies down---for himself he rises. No tender impressions enliven his waking hours---no agreeable reveries diversify his dronish slumbers. With the opposite sex, he is in continual war; and, should he meet a woman intitled to his respect, he will either entirely avoid her, or turn his head as she passes him. The hours of a batchelor are regular, and his pace sober---the salvation of a fellow creature would not alter the former; nor the impending storm above his head, though on his road to the coffee house, mend the latter. If he should possess a sprinkling of wisdom, it has long turned to acid, from the sour dispositions of the vessel in which it is contained. If he ever betrays the features of sensibility, it is on hearing the news of a feast; and whenever he exerts his judgment, it is on the merits of a haunch of venison. When he speaks on the flavour of wine, he feels the rapture of a lover; and in the care of his cellar, he experiences the fond solitudes of a father. His passions arise from his appetites; and in this brutal slavery does he, from day to day, linger out existence, perhaps satisfactory to himself, but detestable to his fellow creatures.

The married man---how shall I do justice to the contrast!----- His mind is harmonised-----

nised--his manners softened--his soul animated by love, tenderness, and affection; and made perfect by an union with the gentlest, most polished, and beautiful part of the creation. His happiness never stands still, because it is supplied from various sources, and depends more upon others, than himself.

The married man knows but one home. He never leaves it without regret. He has no relish for friends or pleasure, when absent, because he finds all that is dear to him afar off. When released, with what impatience does he number the tedious miles of his return. His well known knock is heard—his wife, the friend of his soul, the partner of his misfortunes, as well as the partaker of his prosperity, welcomes his approach with rapture!—joy flushes in her cheeks; and he experiences emotions, which restrain his utterance; and both sink into mutual transports. From this Elisium bliss, he finds himself roused by his children—lovely as the spring—blooming as the rose—climbing upon his knees, and contending which shall catch the envied kiss of paternal fondness.

In his family, he reigns a petty monarch—loving and beloved. In his house, smiling plenty, under the guardianship of economy, is seen in every department. Generosity

nerosity is his porter ; hospitality presides at his table, and innocent mirth flies round his happy board !

The felicity of a married man is eternal ; for when death translates him from his earthly paradise, to heaven, he there meets his family, in the majestic reward of virtue and innocence.

O happiness divine !—Source of concordant minds !—Who, but could wish to enjoy such mysterious blessings ! Who but would glory in these golden claims, in preference to the idea of celibacy ! —

F. DOYLEY.

F O R T E S C U E

T O

G O O D W I L L.

West Cowes, Isle of Wight, 178—

A G A I N—in my native land do I hail you,
my ever valued friend! ———

The *floating hospital*, in which I embarked from Gibraltar, with my-brave fellow soldiers, whose lot it had been, in sharing the glories of the siege, to be wounded---after being tossed to and fro, by contending elements, near double the time in which the voyage is usually made---at last, with much difficulty, landed its mutilated cargo in this beautiful island: and as a part of my native land, I paid it due homage, the moment I found my feet upon the ground.

Before I had been many days at sea, I found my pretensions fully adequate to my situation; indeed, had I remained much longer, I should not have needed Colonel Garton's interposition for my return. My wound might have quickly healed, but soon
should

should I have been---(aliened from all I hold dear) sick at heart. Hope, fear, and love, alternately rent my mind; and the bodily anguish of my fellow voyagers---the distress which was depicted in all around me---rendered the revival of my spirits, once sunk, impracticable. I ranked my sufferings with the most distressed amputated victim; though my arm was nearly free from pain, ere I came on board.

I find myself renovated, in the every sight of this most fertile land. The yellow harvest—and the proud farmer, smiling at the pyramids, the reward of his industry, which adorn his yard.

The surgeon who attended us on our voyage, has laid an injunction on his patients to inhale, for a few days, the refreshing air of this place, where nature has so bountifully smiled; and I, though languishing under impatience to visit London, have acquiesced. Indeed, the measure was indispensably necessary; for I found the mind's ascendancy over the body had been so great, that I could scarce support myself, in the short distance between the harbour and the inn.

How therefore shall I employ my time?—I would write to you, could I furnish what would prove worth your perusal; but

at present, both mind and body makes a pause. _____

Six o'clock in the Afternoon.

A LASSITUDE, the concomitant of a disordered state, overcame me, ere I could finish what I wished to say to you; and a walk which I took a little distance from the town, has not tended to restore my spirits, though I find myself able again to take up my pen. And yet I much doubt, whether the use of it would extend farther than to conclude my letter, were it not to relate to you the event which arrested my progress; and which is as melancholy as, in these days, it is singular.

I had for a few minutes been rapt, in considering the wonderful gifts of nature, as the waving corn before my eyes represented a gentle rolling of the waves; when my meditation was broke by the murmur of distress.

I turned round to observe from whence the voice issued; and near a romantic church-yard, at little distance, I perceived an old man, apparently labouring under the heaviest distress.

On

On my approach, I found the poor wretch, frantic with grief, as his hair was silvered by time. You—whose heart beats in unison with your sacred function—and sympathises where it cannot relieve—will drop a tear, upon the woes of this poor old man. I shall, therefore, as near as I can remember, give you a sketch of the scene which passed between us—

“How long,” exclaimed I, as I advanced towards him, “will the tear of sorrow bedew the furrowed cheek of age!”—

“What is the cause of your melancholy, good old man?”

“The loss of three good friends, Master”——

“Name them;—for I am interested in your fate.”——

“I think your countenance would not mock me,” answered the venerable man
“—They are *Health, Content, and Plenty.*”

“Such associates, I grant you, are necessary to a man’s happiness in the world; tell me, therefore, how lost you them?”

“By oppression. I am now fourscore.
“Ten years ago I knew not sorrow; but
“it has pleased the great disposer of human events, to embitter my latter days
“—to bring these white locks with sorrow
“to the grave!”——

“Who could oppress thee?—What
“wretch.

“ wretch could pain so venerable a
“ man?”—

“ The instrument with which God chose
“ to effect my ruin was, an obdurate and
“ wealthy landlord. Yonder farm I rented
“ almost fifty years. That house upon the
“ hill, I first drew breath in—I, my fa-
“ ther, and my father’s father—in that
“ house, thrice ten years I was blest with a
“ loving wife, and a numerous offspring.
“ I served both my God, and my King.
“ Six of my sons are now fighting the battles
“ of my country, while the father that be-
“ gat them has not a shed, under which he
“ can rest his weary bones. My daughters
“ are married, and afar off; and I would
“ not, that they knew the misery of
“ their father, because each day I trust
“ my pain will be at an end. Why, Holy
“ Father, wilt thou not hear my prayer?—
“ Have I ever, in word or deed, offended
“ thee?”———

Here the wretched man, for some minutes, with his hands clasped, and his eyes uplift to heaven, fervently prayed. —He afforded me an opportunity of wiping away the tear, which I found stealing down my cheek.—

“ And wherefore,” resumed I, dost thou
“ chuse this melancholy place, to linger
“ out thy days?”

“ Aye

“ Aye there, my Master, you wound
“ me to the heart! ’Tis charitable in you
“ —Those are yet my friends who remind
“ me of my Martha—O Sir!—here lies the
“ best of women, the most faithful wife!”

His swollen heart drowned his utterance, he tottered to the grave, and fell down upon it in the bitterest agony. The scene was too much to bear—I would have quit it here, but that my hand had not yet sympathised with my heart—my purse was yet unopened.—

As soon as the old man had a little recovered himself, I resumed—“ You have not
“ yet told me, wherefore your landlord hath
“ driven you to this distress?”

“ Alas! alas, Sir!—he is not worthy
“ of the name of landlord, nor hath he
“ had it long. He is the nephew of my
“ poor old lord, and as soon as he got
“ possession of the estate, he oppressed the
“ tenants, by every means a bad heart
“ could devise. He insisted on my paying
“ fifty pounds for a lease. I never had
“ one from my old lord. I had not fifty
“ pounds: the last guinea I had expended
“ a few weeks before, in fitting out my
“ youngest boy for an India voyage. I say,
“ as I had not the money, he turned me
“ out of doors!”——

“ Here’s

“ Here’s some for thee,” said I, with an aching heart—“ it is all I can give”—

“ I want it not—a few old neighbours hitherto have prevented my dying on the grave of Martha—they bring me food—but I will pray for you, if you will give it to the sexton, to dig me a grave by the side of Martha.”——

—I did so.— — —

FORTESCUE.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME

Isle of Wight.

THIS little island, which I thought incapable of furnishing a single anecdote, or producing a circumstance worth communicating—abstracted from the eulogiums the contemplative mind must bestow upon bounteous

bounteous nature, as the eye luxuriously wanders over its verdure—I have found equally pregnant with incident

I was retiring to rest last night, when the sudden fall of—as I then imagined—some piece of antique furniture, in the room immediately over that in which I slept. This conjecture was however dispelled, in the moment of its adoption, by the voice of the landlord of the house in which I took up my quarters, inflamed to a pitch of extravagant brutality; and which almost drowned the cries of a distressed female, suing in vain for his pity. I had before witnessed in him a natural ferocity, and which had been highly cultivated, by many years servitude as a boatswain's mate in the navy.

When a grant of the supplicating prayer of mercy hangs suspended—with what a sudden and noble impulse will the pitying heart wage war upon the obdurate!—How nature will rush through every sense, and inspire the body to assist in obtaining the God-like boon! Under such emotions did I rush into the room of misery—but who can paint the tragedy which presented itself?—

On the ground lay a wretched female—in whose face, through the overshadowing clouds of famine and disease, appeared the remains of beauty, and soft delicacy. My
savage

savage landlord was in the act of finishing the brutal act of turning, at the dead time of night, his wretched and naked guest into the streets. This piece of barbarity he had begun, by dragging her forcibly out of her sick bed; and her fall from thence upon the floor, fortunately brought me to her assistance. Congealed with horror, I for a moment, unobserved, regarded him; for he was too intent upon the completion of his brutality, to notice my approach.

What a wretch is man!—With the endowment of understanding, exceeding in cruelty the most savage inhabitant of the earth or sea!—

“Have pity!—Have mercy!—Let me
“only stay ’till morning!”—exclaimed the unfortunate victim to the unrelenting wretch, who, as he secured more firm hold of her half anatomised frame, replied—
“Morning won’t pay me, d’ye see. I
“have waited for your fellows long
“enough, and now their ship’s under
“weigh, you shall bundle out, or my
“name’s not Ned.”——“That,” said I, seizing him, “is the name of a Christian; therefore disgraced, when assumed
“by a savage.”

Cruelty and cowardice, like ignorance and impudence, are necessary attendants
on

on each other. The pusillanimous wretch, though robust and vigorous, suffered me to retort upon him the most ignominious chastisement—opposing me only, by a most discordant bellowing for assistance. His voice soon aroused every individual in the house, which the dying cries of the poor victim was inadequate to. Soldiers and sailors—guests, and their attendants—and servants of every denomination—indiscriminately poured into the room. The voice of the sea calf, first commanded attention. His first charge against me soon gained the decided judgment of the majority of the multitude, consisting of his own servants, and some of mine host's old messmates from the men of war at Spithead. My reply was entirely drowned in the clamour these worthies raised against me; and I verily believe, had not the appearance of the unfortunate female, for a while amused the sentence, which they were about pronouncing upon me; I might have shared a worse fate, than that from which I had rescued her. The piteous sight, and her more piteous tale, turned the scale of prejudice: she was restored to her bed; while I proceeded to raise an immediate subscription for her relief.

This wretched female, I found from one of the servants, was of a good family, who had

had been driven to her fate, through the common—the unavoidable road to infamy and disgrace—seduced—betrayed by her lover—and driven out of doors an helpless wanderer upon the earth!—Thus do parents daily act—they make the feelings of nature, subservient to passion; publishing their shame, by consigning the child of their bosom to everlasting infamy! Without pity—without remorse—they shut their doors against their offspring, because she has fallen into the snare of a perfidious man! Instant death would be charitable; but even that noble attribute falls in the common wreck!—Hence vice accumulates!—hence unblushing prostitutes increase—hence parents entail infamy on themselves, sacrifice their offspring, and disseminate contagion on the rising generation.

W. FORTESCUE.

GOODWILL

GOODWILL

TO

F O R T E S C U E.

London, 178—

A CELEBRATED author, in speaking of unfortunate females, says—"When I
"recollect the wiles that are practised
"against them—the infamy with which
"they are branded—the little share many
"of them have in bringing down destruc-
"tion upon themselves—and the little pains
"that are taken by the very world which
"condemns them for being corrupted, to
"preserve them from corruption—believe
"me, my fortitude, and piety, have some-
"times forsaken me; and in the first per-
"turbation and anguish of my soul, I have
"been tempted to say, Why hast thou
"made them thus?"

But what they are, they have been made,
not by their God, but by themselves, and
their fellow creatures—by the excessive
wickedness of those who seduce; and, in
part, even by the rigid and mistaken piety
of

of those who censure them. It is very easy for the malignant motives of degradation; and it is very right also, upon better motives of benevolence and of caution, to hold up to the mind, the lewdness—the profaneness—and the ingratitude of prostitutes.

But the *seeming extenuations* of their crime, will, by judicious management, become *real and forcible preservatives* against the contagion of their example; for it is equally easy and right to shew, that most of their faults originated in the craft—the profligacy—and the cruelty of libertines, by whom they were deceived, corrupted, deserted, and persecuted.

We should recollect, that they who are now tainted by the last dregs of pollution, were once spotless—that goaded by perpetual indignities, from the vilest and the lowest herd, they have gradually become callous to all shame—that, being abandoned by others, they at last despaired of themselves—and that unaccustomed to meet with favour which might soften, or with counsel which might reclaim them, they lost the power of valuing, with the expectation of receiving, either favour, or advice.

Your conduct to the unhappy female, was highly praise-worthy. How much I long

long to press the honest hand, which sympathises with a generous heart. As you intimate, that your stay in the Isle of Wight will be uncertain, I am unwilling to risk by letter some particulars which have transpired respecting Belinda. At present, content yourself under the assurance, that they are not to your disadvantage; but, to speak my genuine sentiments, I would rather tell you; that all your hopes were cut off: for I cannot favour a passion, built on so slender a superstructure.

My friendship would urge me to meet you; and could my purse gratify my inclination, I would in person have answered your first letter. Besides, if my regard for you would for a moment admit the narrow thought, I could envy you the pleasures of retirement; or rather, the charming society of nature, highly ornamented, as it must now be---while this great paragon of cities appears like a place deserted on account of pestilence: its inhabitants enjoy aquatic amusements, or renovating among the ripe harvest. The men collecting vigour from sea bathing, and the women repairing beauty in the element of Venus---while I, with a few others, whose avocations or circumstances forbid such recreations, breathe, and scarcely that, amidst the putrid exhalations of foul streets, guggling gutters, and

and effervescent gulley-holes—Charming subjects, to brighten a dull imagination!—

You will therefore, my dear Fortescue, in pity, on every opportunity, write to,

Your sincere friend,

G. GOODWILL.

R A N T E R

TO

D O Y L E Y.

Wrangle Warren, 178—

A DREAM, thou sayest, did for thee,
more than the adoption of all my maxims.
Lift to mine of last night. ———

Methought I was in a desert, overcome
with fatigue, and parched, both inside and
out—with the sun, and with thirst. Soon
I heard an awful sound; and, ascending
a hill

a hill to observe from whence it proceeded, found it was the roaring of the sea. It began to grow dark---and the prospect more dreadful! On one side, was a boundless, sandy desert, without a sprig of heath, to diversify the dreary blank---on the other, the hoarse, deaf ocean, each moment coming nearer and nearer; without even a sea monster, to break the ineffable solitariness.

If there was any thing of a pleasing melancholy, it was such, as would have made the voice of a skreech-owl, or the more melodious notes of the raven, most grateful. It now grew quite dark and cold---the sea became louder, hoarser, and nearer---the wind howled, and it began to rain. I was afraid to stay where I was; and yet more afraid to move. I was seized with listlessness and despair; and was resigning myself to my fate---to inevitably perish---when the sudden strains of melodious music ravished my drooping senses. Vivid grass sprung---lofty and luxuriant shrubs blossomed---borders of flowers presented themselves, dew-dropt and fragrant. The sea was covered with streamers---fish gamboled, and shot ten thousand rays---birds of innumerable hues joined melody---every thing appeared in season and splendour.

In

In taking a full survey of this Elisium prospect, I perceived within an arbour of vines and evergreens, a correspondent building of polished marble.

I entered this celestial dwelling, and found it finished with ivory, ornamented with gold and silver, and studded with diamonds. In a long gallery were dancing to the musick which led me to behold them, an innumerable company, clad in all the colours of the rainbow, and blooming with youth and happiness.—This magnificent ball-room had the heavens for its canopy.

On a sudden, the musick ceased; and the dancers arranged themselves on each side of the room, preparing, as I imagined, to do homage to their lord.—All was hushed in silence!—A door opened at the farther end of the gallery, with the terrific echo of an enchanted castle. A step was heard, heavier than that of the burthened elephant, for it shook the battlements; a respiration, louder than the purring of the royal tyger. I fancied myself an intruder on the palace of a Genii, and was almost congealed with fear, certain that my dissolution was at hand. In vain I wished myself again upon the desert—in vain I courted my former misery!—— ———

The figure of authority advanced, and I needed all my fears. The dancing nymphs
and

and swains, who were certainly celestial bodies, prostrated themselves, and I followed their example, with my eyes fixed upon the floor, fearing to look upwards; but, like Azor in the Persian tale, this Genii proved more gentle in its manner, than its aspect foreboded.

It advanced in the form of a Brobdignarian female, of stupendous and awful stature. Seeing my fears, she assumed much complacency of manners; and by her looks and gestures, I plainly perceived that she was captivated with my person. She seated herself in a chair, which would have exhausted the ingenuity of a school-boy in climbing, to follow her example. She then extended her arms, which were as large as the wings of a windmill, and took me upon her lap, with a squeeze that almost broke my ribs. Then she put on the most coquettish airs—singed me with a look—simpered, like the grinning of an enraged lion—broke my knuckles with an amorous fillip, and dislocated my shoulder with a pat.

The coldness with which I received her advances, had well nigh proved my destruction; or, at least, had almost bereft me of my senses. Finding her amorous dalliance of no avail, and perhaps supposing, that fear operated too powerfully in me to make her a suitable return; she terrified

I

me

me with a laugh, more deafening than the clack of an hundred old maids—then sighed a hurricane—sneezed a whirlwind—raised a tempest, by blowing her nose on a handkerchief, of the size and thickness of a large Turkey carpet—and coughed an earthquake.

Perceiving that I still hung back, she took out a warming-pan of snuff, and spilled a shovel full with a most engaging air—then offered it to me, who already was almost choaked. On my refusal, she pocketed her snuff-box, and produced a still more capacious machine, filled with tobacco, and from which she took a quid, of the size of a house mop. That also proving ineffectual, she opened her fan, and in a pet usurped the prerogative of Æolus, by fanning it. At last, she burst into a flood of tears, which caused a deluge, and swept me from her lap.—With the fall I awoke.

Say, if thou dar'st, that this dream is not equally propitious to the dreamer, as thine to thee.—Is't not a WEALTHY omen to

RALPH RANTER?

WORTHY

T
fud
the
Bel
I w
clin
the
I
ture
prov
ally
kno
who
writ
that
him,
kno
you,

W O R T H Y

T O

B E L I N D A.

— Lodge, 178—

THE agitation which is produced from sudden surprise, or fear, falls far short of the present state of my mind; and you, Belinda, make a part of my distress. Yet I wish not to alarm you, for I still am inclined to put a favourable construction on the cause.

I have lately received a letter, of a nature highly alarming to myself; as it should prove serious to you. I am therein officially addressed as your guardian, by a man, known to me only by name; but with whom I am inclined to think from his writing (a stile little short of ambiguity) that you have a much better knowledge of him, than you have had generosity to acknowledge. Have I, Belinda, merited in you, what can justify your concealment?—

Has my conduct warranted your want of confidence in me?—If you deny not these—wherefore, by halves, do you communicate what most concerns your future welfare?—Why trifle with him, who holds your interest in a balance with his own?—

I have said much to you, of the consequence of an early attachment with your opposite sex. I have questioned you respecting the situation of your affections; and, sanctioned by experience—licensed as your guardian—and, above all, impelled by the most sincere affection—I have endeavoured to shape in you the unsteady course of youth, through the many difficulties which attend a perfect union of hearts. You answered me, as I thought, with candour; and though I have discovered in your subsequent conduct a *partiality*; yet I remained easy, under the conviction, that I should be, on all occasions, admitted into your counsels.

I have received a letter, from a distant land, without any prefatory address; soliciting my permission to the writer to visit you as a lover. His pretensions he adds, are—*that he is a Soldier*. I will do him the justice to acknowledge, that he is possessed of the leading feature of his profession—*undaunted courage*.

This

This letter is signed, "W. FORTESCUE;" and as he builds his solicitations to me, on your privacy, and, perhaps, immediate consent, I find myself called upon to support my discountenance to a measure, which however, for the present, you will find totally impracticable; and in doing this, though you may suppose the charge of *concealment* may be retorted upon me, yet the sequel will prove my conduct to you, uniformly affectionate.

You have a Father—my most valued friend—whose attributes as a man, and virtues as a parent, however mysterious they may now seem to you, are worthy of record and imitation.

Your mother died in giving birth to you her first child; leaving your father most disconsolate and wretched. In a fit of despair, he flew to me, with you in his arms—and in the bitterest anguish intreated me to preserve you, for he had lost all relish for worldly cares. His country, he said, was grown hateful to him; and in foreign climes he was determined to mourn the remainder of his life, for his irreparable loss. In vain I endeavoured to soothe and comfort him—in vain I besought him to live at home for his child. He replied, that with me, you were in better hands than his own—and there, he said, through clouds

clouds of sorrow, he felt a beam of comfort, which served to prevent his usurping the prerogative of nature.

You father was then a captain in the army; and he immediately procured an exchange from his own regiment, to one ordered abroad on a secret, and, as supposed, a dangerous expedition. He left with me the management of his worldly possessions, reserving only to himself, a moiety of the pay of his commission—the other half, he empowered me to receive for your use. “Be a parent to her,” said he, as the tears of paternal affection glistened in his eye, “but never let her know who is her father, or her mother’s fate, ‘till I am no more.”

A few years passed, without any other intelligence of your father, save what I learnt at his Agent’s, in my regular attendances to receive the stipend, upon which you were reared and educated. There I was constantly informed—“that when the last accounts came from the regiment, he was alive.

At length, the corps was relieved from foreign duty; and on the wings of sincere affection, I flew to Portsmouth, to witness their disembarkation. I placed myself on the beach, in order to catch my friend in my arms, as he landed. O how anxiety
in.

increased, as the succession of boats from the transports approached, without him whom I sought ! The last boat touched the shore ; still the friend of my bosom was wanting—when, with a faltering voice, I enquired for him of the officer who commanded the last party ; and had the mortification to find, that on the regiment being ordered home, he had made interest for promotion, and was appointed Major of the ——— regiment of foot, then serving under Sir William Howe, in America.

The news of my friend's promotion could not dissipate my sorrow at not meeting him. With much heaviness of heart I returned home ; and notwithstanding your father's neglect of correspondence, I redoubled my care over his daughter ; for having long despaired of ever seeing him again, and being unblest with children of my own, I adopted you, who had ever gone by my name : and placed you, for the benefit of your education, under the care of my mother, in the vicinity of London.

About three years ago, most unexpectedly, for I had not received the smallest intimation, that either his corps or himself was about to return home, your father knocked at my door. He flew to me, and long pressed me to his bosom, under a flood of tears, ere I knew in whose arms I was
en-

enfolded. This produced a still more affecting interview. "Is friendship of so short a date?—Where's my child?—my child?"—exclaimed the affectionate parent, whom I that instant only recognised. Time and absence had made strange havock in his face, but his heart I found beat with the warmth of friendship, and paternal affection.

He assigned reasons for his silence which it would have been uncharitable not to admit. I concealed from him no circumstance of my conduct and care over you, and as I recounted each trivial incident of your life; how his eyes sparkled with paternal joy!

My story of you being ended, he for a long time paused, apparently in the deepest meditation. At last he thus replied—
"Pursue the steps, in which you have
"trained my child, yet a little longer; for
"I will not discover myself to her, until
"I can with propriety relieve you of the
"sacred trust—and this cannot be, while I
"am a soldier. I am in the fair road
"to promotion, and trust, that a little
"time will give me a regiment—that ac-
"quired the remainder of my life will, as
"to worldly matters, be easy. If I can
"summon sufficient resolution, I will,
"for the present, barely witness the virtues
"and accomplishments of my child."

He

He saw you—and that was all; for his feelings were too sensible in your presence, to bear with the fiction of your birth—he was obliged immediately to retire. You perhaps do not remember the circumstance.

I have now communicated to you a secret, imposed upon me to preserve by the strongest injunctions of your parent; but I considered the divulging it would be attended with far less consequences to you, my dear girl, than might result from an affection, formed without his concurrence.

As I have now entrusted you with the circumstances of your birth, my precepts or advice will be no longer necessary; and it is with no small degree of satisfaction that I can conclude the interesting information, by adding—that I daily expect your father in England. — —

J. WORTHY.

THE ANSWER.

—, near London, 178—

HOW, my ever honoured parent, for by that tender name must I always know you, shall I attempt to answer your letter of yesterday! O Sir!—could I impress you with an idea of my situation!—how the tear of sorrow and joy alternately took possession of my breast, as my eyes devoured each mysterious line, until overpowered nature yielded to the too weighty load, and my senses for a few moments left me—you would, I think, dispel your suspicions, and grant me pity! If ever child's affection for a parent, exceeded that which glows in my breast, whenever I bring you to my mind, and with equal truth I may add, that you are seldom absent from my imagination—if ever pristine filial love reigned with more purity than in my heart—I should think myself a very wretch, unworthy of your tender care and attention.

What you said to me of my father, leaves an impression on me, like that produced from the effect of a pleasing dream. When I think of it, I am lost in a labyrinth of
con-

conjecture. How shall I ever divide my affections!—How ever be taught to revere another parent! You, Sir, must be my tutor—you must fortify me to bear the meeting; for when I look back to my situation, on hearing that I had a second parent: I dread the consequence of my emotions, on finding myself in the arms of the author of my being.

Your charge against me of duplicity, for surely my concealing from you any circumstance in which I needed your advice, merits not a gentler name; has not less drowned me in sorrow, than your account of the existence of my father exalted me with joy. A swoon happily relieved me from the contending passions, and without your mother's affectionate care, I am inclined to think, that I should not thus early have been able to exculpate myself. I know not of Fortescue's writing to you—I could not suppose he would have had the temerity. As to the situation of my heart—I beseech you not to question me. I will in all things obey—at least, until my father arrives. I will endeavour to make even nature subservient to duty—for you have done much for me—much more than can ever be repaid, by the obedience and affection of

BELINDA.

What

What name shall follow that of Belinda?
—O Sir! unfold yet a little more the mystery of my birth?—

R A N T E R

TO

D O Y L E Y.

Wrangle Warren, 178—

THOU laggest in communication.—
Canst not find time to write?—Why now,
my hours hang heavy! My courtship, thou
wilt answer, is mechanical—Granted—but
if my mechanism can gain the prize, shall
I not effect that which is sought for by the
whining lover?

I fear, like thee, I must wheel about.
Whenever I push matters home, she an-
swers, that men are *horrid craters*—and then
she mutters something about time—and pa-
tience. Pshaw, resume I—time in love,
Miss,

Miss, can be attended with nothing good. Why time, Miss—What mighty ills have not been done by time?—It sours small beer—shrivels prudes' faces—and toughens cow beef.

I have undertaken, Frank, a more arduous job, than I was aware of. Well hast thou called me the mastiff of love—for e'faith, I need both strength and cunning. She is, with whom I have to cope withal, a very she-wolf, aided with the craft of the most experienced bitch-fox. I grant the *scent* is strong; but then her *wiles* often leave me at *fault*, as the hunters term it.

Her house reminds me of Commodore Trunnion's fortified castle. 'Tis true, there are no *pateraroes* before her door—but then her *tongue* would confound the army of Numa Pompilius. The Commodore permitted no female to sleep within his walls—Miss Biddy drives out the men at a given hour; and then is your poor friend Ralph obliged to make a nightly mortifying retreat to a damned *cock-loft*, above the coach-house. Nor prayers, nor threats, would gain me another half hour, or a single spoonful of grog, after the clock has struck the midnight hour. But when I am *Major Domo*, claim thou of me, the farthest bin of wine, and all those bottles of rich

tich cordials, whereof the squire, her uncle, stood possessed.

Returning from shooting her a brace of pheasants, the other day, my ears were assailed, ere I came in sight of the house, with a *maco*, as she calls it, between Miss Biddy and her maids (I crave their mercy, I mean her female servants). Thou wilt at least pity me, when thou hearest the cause. My night-cap, it had been discovered, had slipped into the same washing-tub with her linen! — —

Name not again the *dog in breeches*, I beseech you; for the *night-cap* outdoes prudery, and sets coquetry at defiance. Her smock was contaminated; and the wash actually begun again.

The deepest schemer often outnumbers his calculations—the pit often receives him that dug it. If I do not wear this same night-cap on my wedding night, there is no gallantry in

RALPH RANTER.

HARRIET

H A R R I E T

TO

B E L I N D A

Crazy Hall, Wednesday.

YOUR surmises, my dear Belinda, are unmerited, and unjust. 'Twas pity alone that restrained my pen. But as you appear to have forgot Fortescue, I will resume a correspondence, in which I have received so much satisfaction and instruction. And yet methinks you might have dropt one tear, or sacrificed one tribute of sorrow, on finding him among the unfortunate, in the siege of Gibraltar.

I would say much to you; but must devote this day to more serious business. On this awful day, my dear Belinda, does Doyley make a formal demand of my hand to the old folks.—I am all agitation—
and

and can scarce hold my pen, while I say that
I remain,

Sincerely yours,

HARRIET HAIRBRAIN.

R A N T E R.

TO

DOYLEY

Wrangle Warren, 178—

MAY I never kiss a wench, if I have not
fathomed thee! Why you whorson rogue,
d'ye think that I am to be silenced with
moralising?—Or, dost suppose thy picture
of a batchelor, was a shot, from which I
should rise no more? Is the world reformed
since last we met? Art grown sentimentally
sad? “With all my heart, I’ll not be out
“of fashion.” As then thou canst only
write *sentiment*—thus I answer thee.

You

You attack your Dulcinea with the lover's wailings—I mine, by impudence and stratagem. You write a lecture to me on the superior advantage of your last adopted measures; surely then in turn I may support my maxims. First then my *impudence*, which thou hast of late so copiously reprobated.

Mark the advantage of the impudent man—

“Women—born to be controuled,

“Scoop to the forward and the bold.”

There is nothing like *impudence* for advancement in this world. Without *impudence*, the nail of greatness is seldom driven home, though greatness is indeed sometimes imposed, and always conferred, without intreaty, on the dignitaries of the church of England. As to that of Rome, its dignitaries have not always been remarkable for modesty, witness Pope Joan. Even the celebrated Ganganelli is said to have owed his greatness to palming the literary work of another for his own. Mahomet, in mockery of the text, “If ye have faith, ye shall remove mountains,” told his followers, that he would command a mountain to come to him; but when the mountain obeyed him not, he not at all confounded, said, “then I will go to the mountain.”

It

It is *impudence* that mimicks fire and light in the smoke of Methodism, and apes a tyrant breakfasting on the wind. Julius Cæsar yielded to few, either in *impudence*, or ambition; but perhaps Oliver Cromwell exceeded him in the former, in that masterpiece of turning out of doors the very Parliament, on whose shoulders he had risen.

The late Lord Chatham, who, compared to the above characters, was but a second rate actor, contented to rule as a Minister. He became, from a Cornet of Horse, in a manner absolute, by the force of modest assurance, proportionably subordinate to that of the sovereign monsters mentioned. Lord Chatham, I say, silenced Mr. Grenville, a formidable parliamentary combatant, by singing a reply to him in these words—"Gentle Shepherd, tell me where"—and thereby affixed the nick-name of "*Gentle Shepherd*" on him, as long as he lived. Genius, effrontery, and buffoonery, united, are irresistible. But at present, *impudence*, in the two august Houses, like the oratory of most of the worthy members, which is nearly confined to "the right honourable gentleman," and "the honourable gentleman," is at a low ebb, often consisting in point blank contradiction, the method of advancement now in vogue.

vogue. Lord Chatham, like the great Duke of Marlborough, before him, and Charles Fox, after him, rose by the *modest assurance* of turning Tories to Whigs; and at last met the fate of all trimmers: the former died asserting the empire of the crown over the Americans, after having spirited them up to rebellion; and Mr. Fox, once their champion, became the enemy of their commerce. What was Lord Chatham's true meaning God knows: perhaps "a beam of light broke in upon him:" as to Mr. Fox, none will believe that a private Treasury sugar-plumb can have weight with him.

However ambition and haughtiness actuated Lord Chatham, sordidness or meanness could never be laid to his charge. I would, that I could say as much for modern ministers. Lord Chatham might be said to possess a noble rashness of genius; but he was neither a scholar, nor a writer—nor to be put in competition with the all-accomplished Bolingbroke. As to his son, though inferior both in genius, and modest assurance, he seems to have adopted the Cartesian philosophy, greatly outdoing Sir Robert Walpole, in drawing every thing into the regal vortex, in attempting to unite Ministry and Commons in a junto of
Stock-

Stock-jobbers—making a complete parody on the couplet—

“ Damnation follows death in other men,

“ But your d——d poet lives and writes again.”

As thus—

Damnation follows death in other men,

But your d——d Statesmen live and rant again.

As to the changes which *impudence* is daily the cause of, my sentiments are those of the afs; that, being hurried by his master to get away from the enemy, asked, whether the enemy would lay more sand-bags on him than he did? In former times, indeed, when conquerors imposed the most intolerable hardships on the conquered, and carried them away into captivity, as Europeans now do Africans, it behoved nations to repel invaders; but since the custom of the ancients has ceased, and the contention is, by what governors subjects shall be ruled or oppressed, I am of the afs's opinion.

It is *impudence* that gives the statesman success—the lawyer eloquence—the block-head consequence—and the lover what he fights for, what he lies for, and what he dies for.

Art answered?—Say no—and I will add, that it was *impudence* that made a Major of

RALPH RANTER.

BELINDA

B E L I N D A

H A R R I E T.

—, near London, —178—

YOU have raised a chain of conjectures in my mind, which I find myself unable to support. O my Harriet!—my sweet friend!—I pray do not deal so hardly with me in your retaliation. You play with weapons which pierce my very heart—while I, with the mildest methods, suited to the gentlest jealousy of friendship, only reprov'd you for a small relaxation in its duties. Cruel, unkind one! ————

Did you but know with what an awful subject your wanton retort was coupl'd, I am sure you would participate in the distresses of your friend, instead of augmenting them. Mr. Worthy—whose care over me has ever prevented the wish, and supplied the want of parents—has, in his last letter,

letter, written under the impresson of my disobedience, informed me, that I must answer for my supposed misconduct to a real parent—a living father, who has long, with paternal fondness, directed the course of his supposed orphan child.

Scarce had I experienced a momentary respite from the agitation into which this awful information had thrown me, when your letter was put into my hands. The well known direction was a beam of comfort; and, while I unfolded it, my mind was diverted from its perturbation—momentary joy sported over the gloom of melancholy—but like the lingering patient, who, on a feeble effort of nature, thinks his deliverance from malady at hand, and on that hope overcharges his strength, until he suddenly sinks nearer to dissolution—so drooped your friend on perusing it!— —

And yet—now that a ray of reason is returned—I think—nay, my Harriet could not thus trifle—the thought distracts me! Fortescue wounded!—Recall those words—Say, you dealt too severely with your friend—you shall have the forgiveness—the blessing of—

The wretched

BELINDA.

WORTHY

WORTHY

TO

B E L I N D A.

—Lodge, — 178—

MY DEAR GIRL,

I HAVE said, upon my last subject, all I think prudent; and, as I before observed, more than your father has sanctioned. Though I feel for your situation, well knowing the tormenting sensation of suspense, yet Mr. Fortescue's letter sufficiently warranted me to check the impetuosity of his love; and I could devise no means so effectual, as that of informing you, of the existence of a long lost parent. If therefore you still urge me, I must painfully decline our correspondence until I summon you to his paternal embrace. As you are not deficient in mental endowments, I trust you will call them all to your aid, and arm
your-

yourself with patience. In the mean time, my duty to you shall find no relaxation.

Though I have had some lessons in the school of mankind, I cannot reconcile myself to this letter. It shews a mind, too much disordered, even for the effects of violent love. Historians tell us, that in bodily strength we daily waste—experience convinces me, that morality and religion are forsaking Christian countries, and erecting their sacred temples in slavery. The youth of the present day enter upon life, under a persuasion of the truth of Pope's fallacious and dangerous assertion, that "every woman is a rake at heart." He thinks every woman may be seduced from the paths of virtue and duty; and considers the most amiable of the sex merely as an object of sensual delight. Her resistance, he thinks vanity; and her repulsive arguments, he terms downright prudery. On the other hand, the unsuspecting innocent victim of his licentious pursuits, mistaking the ardour of his passion for affection, too frequently yields her honour to a villain: and the heaven intended partner of domestic bliss, falls a martyr to the cause in which she hoped to reach the summit of earthly happiness.

Know your father, ere you see your lover.——

J. WORTHY.

DOYLEY

D O Y L E Y

TO

R A N T E R.

Tuesday, 178—

TO tell *thee* of a virtuous hymeneal sacrifice, would be an offence to the God of love; but as he is only an *urchin deity*, and can laugh at those on whom the light of Hymen's torch doth not shine, once more, under his favour, will I mortify thee.

The sweet face of heaven has witnessed an union, which no mortal can break—an union which has made Frank Doyley the happiest of men. My sweet Harriet—she whom I thought all levity—she to whom I long behaved under thy pernicious counsels—I found of a mind opposite to thy conjectures, as I myself am to thee—I am blessed with her—the partner of my life!

I have fought for her—I have won her—I will wear her as my brightest jewel, treasure her in my heart, and feast of never-

K

cloying

cloying rapture ; unknown to sordid souls like thine. Return, I pray thee, to London—that mart of sensuality. Go—and, like Epicurus, taste of every dish, but eat of none—sacrifice at every Paphian banquet—while I, with my beloved Harriet, propose to sweetly divide our time, between the chaste bliss of love, and the rural sports of the country.

I must however use thee according to thy deserts—thou hast been communicative, and I will repay thee.

I have said, “ I have fought for her.”—I did so. Many a lusty blow was dealt upon me by my *boorish* rival, by whom I was attacked by surprise, ere I could rally. Returning from inviting some company, who lived a few miles from the Hall, to a dance given by my Harriet, a blow from some invisible enemy brought me on my knee. Had it taken its intended direction, my poor Harriet might have lost her intended husband. I received it on my left shoulder, and, notwithstanding the smart, and the darkness of the night, on the instant I supposed it came from my rival Peter Plodwell. Most fortunately, I had in my hand, a small sword cane, but was so stunned, as to be at a loss in what direction to press upon my enemy. Another blow succeeded—and another—while my arm

arm acted as a shield to my head. At length I found a resistance to the point of my sword, which was followed by the cry of "Murder," in the known voice of Peter. The dunghill cock is most valiant, until he feels the smart of a blow from the spur of his adversary. Peter roared out, "A Sword! A Sword!—Swords are not fair fighting —and I am a dead man!" ———

I now feared more, than I had done in my danger from this assassin-like attack. With the most anxious solicitude for his safety, I led him towards a neighbouring cottage, and with fervent ejaculations I prayed that the wound might not prove dangerous. The *bumpkin's* death, on the eve of my marriage, might have deprived me of my love. The thought distracted me. The blows I had received were no longer painful, but my mind was in torture—revenge was fled—and all my fears centered in my Harriet.

We had not proceeded many yards, before his strength failed him, and he sunk upon the ground, roaring with pain, and calling me his murderer. I hastened to the cottage, procured a light, and proceeded to examine his wound, thinking myself competent, at least to guess at its mortality. My examination went to those parts where danger is most to be feared from a wound,

and finding none, I became much easier; but a stream of blood convinced me that my weapon had befriended its master. Continuing my search, I found him wounded in the same shoulder on which his first blow fell on me, and of little signification. I now exulted, and thanked God for directing so equal a punishment.

On my return to the Hall, though the rencountre terminated thus happily, yet there was an evident disorder in my looks. The cause was demanded, and echoed from all parts of the room; and the conclusion of my narrative afforded much mirth. It proved also of service to myself; for the worthy 'squire, who before had but half acquiesced with the wish of my love and her mother, now sprung from his chair, and holding out his hand told me, that I had suffered too much for any woman, and that he would dance at the wedding. He then proceeded in a most sarcaistical strain of irony against his neighbour Plodwell, and exulted in his disgrace, observing, that had he fought fairly, and won the lass, he should have had her; and then quoting the adage, that "a faint heart never gained a fair lady," gave me the hand of that heart, which I had already been in possession of.

Our

Our nuptials were now hastened ; and the morning appointed, with the consent of all parties, for their celebration. A messenger was dispatched, to hasten the attendance of our friends ; and, while my rival was suffering under the hands of the surgeon, I received my blessing from a holy Father of the Church.. He gave happiness extreme, to

F. DOYLEY.

T H E A N S W E R.

Wrangle Warren, — 178

“ Joy to thee, *Doyley*—Joy to myself—

“ Joy to this happy Day —

“ That makes me *Uncle* to a *Boy* like thee !”

MARRIAGE to thee again!—The fort has capitulated—the garrison is mine—and within this very hour am I proclaimed Governor, with all the ceremonies of revered religion! — — —

The

The particulars shalt thou have, after consummation——

RALPH RANTER.

R A N T E R

TO

DOYLEY.

The Morning after Marriage.

LET Monks and Misanthropes pretend to what they will—the soul of man cannot be satisfied without an union with a woman ———

I promised thee a detail of the ceremony. I have heard of an ancient custom among our Cambro Britons, which I purposed putting in practice, had I not accomplished my purport through gentler means. In some part of Wales, a wedding employs every individual in the neighbourhood—as thus—

On

On the morning of the wedding day, the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends on horseback, demands the bride. Her friends, who are also ready mounted, give a positive refusal; upon which a mock scuffle (mine should have been a *real* one) ensues. The bride, mounted on horseback behind her next kinsman, is carried off full speed, and is pursued by the bridegroom and his friends, with loud shouts. It is not unusual to see on such an occasion two or three hundred *Taffies* riding full speed, crossing and jostling, to the no small entertainment of the spectators. When they have fatigued themselves and their horses, the bridegroom is suffered to overtake the bride. He leads her to church in triumph; and the day is closed in mirth and festivity.

In some parts of Yorkshire and Northumberland, marriages are also solemnized in a stile something similar. If the parish church happens to be at the distance of two or three miles from the bridegroom's cottage, the friends of both parties summon the happy couple with shouts and huzzas, at break of day. As soon as they find the parties making preparations, they return, mount their horses, and assemble at an appointed place near the village. Here they ornament themselves, and their horses heads and manes, with party-coloured ribbons; then,

then, forming a *line of march*, are led on by the next of kin to the young people, preceded by such music as can be procured in the country. In this order they again summon the bride and bridegroom, who now answer them, mount separate horses, and, side by side, lead this cavalcade to church.

The ceremony being ended, they remount their horses, and set off full speed—whip and spur. He who is first home again, dances in the evening with the bride, which is esteemed a great honour; for in obtaining it, many fatal accidents have happened.

The day is not however concluded with that harmony, as among the Welchmen. The labouring peasant of Yorkshire, knows no luxury beyond a draught of homebrewed ale; therefore, it is not to be wondered at, that the cheer of the wedding day proves too potent for him. In the afternoon, they wrestle, cudgel, and amuse themselves with various athletic exercises, until, like playful dogs, they become serious; and, at last end the day in a battle-royal.

My wedding, favoured neither the Yorkshire, or the Welch fashion. It was the sole contrivance of Mrs. Ranter. Consent obtained, I proceeded to a nomination of time and place. She feared the prying
eye

eye of curiosity, and I applauded her prudence. She dreaded the circumstance of our *mutual love* spreading farther than her own territories, and I was terrified at its being known in them; for such soup neagre and roast beef phizzies never met. Nay, the very boys assail us with, "there goes Lean Jack, and Fat Squat." Judge then of the caution to be used, in the tacking together two such *opposite elements*.

—"I have it," said she, after half an hour's mutual cogitation—"Haste for a licence, and be sure you give Mr. Pounce, the proctor, *hush money*. I will to-morrow wear my night-dress (you remember, Frank, the flannel petticoat and mob cap) and do you exchange dresses with your man—then by day-break, like two faithful lovers, we may steal unsuspected to the church."

"Excellent wench," quoth I.—The licence obtained, and the morning beaming, we set off, a couple of as dirty, drowsy, frowfy lovers, as ever assailed the nose of a parson. Our disguises, however, precluded a knowledge of our persons from all, save the "Vicar and Moses." The former, whose mien was that of the most portly Dominican Friar, burst into a paroxysm of laughter, on our approach to the altar; and my bride, determining not to be be-

hind hand, suddenly sunk into my arms. I, overpowered with the weight of my bargain, fell under her, at the imminent risk of being bruised to death.

Having disengaged myself, by the assistance of the limbs of the church—my sweet bride began to revive, and called lustily for a smelling bottle, an appendage which did not belong to her nightly attire. The fashion of fainting was I found even here as incomplete, without the reviving aid of salts, as in the side boxes of a theatre, or an over crowded drawing room at Saint James's.

In my distress, (for I feared the completion of our nuptials might meet a fatal delay) a thought struck me. Among the accoutrements of a major, pistols are absolutely necessary; and I never stirred without them. Unscrewing one of the barrels, I applied it to the nostrils of my charmer. The pretended effect it produced, may be compared to that of the famished centinel at the gates of Calais, on a smoaking English sirloin of beef being carried past him—it instantly revived the dying fair one, and the ceremony was gone through, without further interruption, to the no small satisfaction of,

Thine affectionate Uncle,

RALPH RANTER.

SINCE

" SINCE as one science LOVE and WAR are known,
Invade your Mistress, as you would a town ;
But first consider, ere you break your ground,
How strong she is—how *many thousand pound* :
Think if the place be tenable or not ;
Some might be lost, as soon as they are got.

As at a TOWN—when you approach your LASS,
First reconnoitre with your faithful glass,
Then make approaches to your wished-for prize
With char, with compliment, with speech of eyes,
And try if passion's rhetoric will move
The MAID to listen to the terms of love ;

If not, let prudence harsher methods rouse,
Bombard with oaths, and *batter* her with vows—
With martial oaths—cry, Blood and Thunder—
You love her—better far than plunder :
If these should fail th' enemy to decoy,
Let adulation ev'ry art employ.

Thus under covert, let your trains be laid,
And *sap*, or mine her with her chamber maid ;
Make false alarms, with all that art supplies,
Storm her with kisses—blow her up with sighs.
If protestations should arouse desire,
Let even tears to make a breach conspire,
Drown her with water, who repels your fire ;
Assault pride's bastion, batter scorn's redoubt,
'Till on her citadel a flag's hung out ;
'Tis then the golden conquest you have won,
The *nymph*, her wealth, her land, are all your own."

FORTESCUE

FORTESCUE

+o

BELINDA.

Isle of Wight, —, 178—

I HAVE, since I adopted the resolution of writing to you—and surely my situation expiated the offence—endured a conflict in my mind, far more terrific than the dangers of our late siege. Would you but admit, that you have given the smallest pain to an individual, I shall again hope to receive your pardon for laying my complaints before you. Are not the laws of God and the laws of Nature synonymous?—And if so, opposing one, is opposing the other: so our inclinations cannot be resisted; and though our endeavours for their completion are not successful, they claim forgiveness.

I can no longer controul myself under the cold dictates of prudence. I had determined

terminated in person to tell you ——— what even my pen fears to reveal. Spare me, my lovely Belinda, for I find myself at this moment a very coward. Is there a danger here below, that for my country I would not face?—And yet in approaching you, my heart sinks within itself, with a tormenting throbbing, unknown in the very front of personal danger! ———

I fear to proceed—and yet cannot longer conceal a passion, which, when founded in pure virtue, is not to be controuled—a passion in me, resulting, not from a hasty impulse, but begun with admiration, and nurtured by time and absence to a pitch perfectly unsupportable. Even in the battle's heat my mind was bent on you; and therein I had an escape, which I cannot help accounting a happy omen. As I accidentally turned to observe that part of the garrison where my most respected friend and patron Colonel Garton was stationed, and which was an involuntary motion, directed by the all-seeing eye of Providence—in that very moment I found a musket presented at me by a young fiend, a disgrace to the British army, who had long nursed in his mind that insatiable dæmon, revenge. This son of infamy had formerly provoked a quarrel between himself and me, which
ter-

terminated in his disgrace, though in some measure accommodated; but his resentment was still alive. I had barely time to observe, that it was he, who was acting the assassin, when Providence rewarded us both according to our deserts. I warded off the contents of the musket from its direction, but in so doing received a slight wound in the arm, and in the instant a shot from the natural enemy killed my unnatural foe. Hence my name was inserted among the wounded.

— But this is not the language of love—on that theme, methinks I could write a volume; and yet I can say nothing—nothing more, than that mine for Belinda exceeds all language, and falls short of the most lively description. If it is rejected—at least withhold not your pity and forgiveness to

W. FORTESCUE.

FROM

FROM THE FATHER OF BELINDA

W O R T H Y.

Dated from Abroad.

MY MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

THE day is not, I trust, far distant, when I shall embrace my child, and offer the heart-felt tribute of gratitude to my friend; but never can I repay you—never sufficiently testify the fulness of my heart.

I have procured an exchange for halfpay, on most advantageous terms, and have taken my passage for England. Heavens!—at the very name of my country, how my heart is elated!—for there is my child—there my friend—that is dear to me! How does my dear girl?—but I ask you a question you cannot resolve, before I hope to be blessed with her in my arms. I pray you excuse me—bear with the fond effusions
of

of a parent—for when I think of her, I find myself in my dotage, though some years are yet to run, ere I reach my climacteric. I must content myself, yet a little longer, in praying that the hand of Providence may shield her 'till I am happy—that alone must be with her, though I have endured so many painful years of absence—but 'twas for her; and I now look upon them with ineffable pleasure.

With the gentlest methods prepare her to meet a father—shield the supposed orphan with fortitude to approach her long lost parent. Sudden joy is more dangerous than the shock of fatal tidings—how then will her gentle nature ever sustain the meeting, when the parent, at the very thought, is unmanned!

To your mother—O teach me what to say!—The authors of my being are not more dear to me; for she has been a mother to my child. How much more than filial recompence does she merit, who protects the orphan—for such has Belinda been to her. Heaven surely has for you both, great store of happiness—I invoke its choicest blessings on you. I am frantic with joy, while my heart bleeds with gratitude!

FORTESCUE

F O R T E S C U E

T O

G O O D W I L L

Isle of Wight, —, 178—

MY stay here, you will be astonished to find, has already exceeded the time necessary for the reinstatement of my health—the reason will still more excite your wonder.

I am, my dear Goodwill, degenerated into a most arrant coward; and yet my cowardice is of a nature, which I do not consider disgraceful to myself or my country—this of course you will say is a paradox.

Last night, I formed a resolution of proceeding to London; but the morning presented dangers, which I found unsurmountable. I arraign not the elements; for the sea held out an invitation to the smallest bark, to venture on its bosom.

If ever your soul knew the effects of love, and I am sure it is not insensible to the tender

der passion however you may reprobate it in me, you will not only forgive, but extend your friendly assistance. Whenever I can muster sufficient resolution to proceed on my journey, I go throw myself at the feet of my Belinda, and 'tis this, that makes a coward of me. It is a passion too deeply rooted, even for your friendship to shake; therefore, if you regard your friend's happiness, do not longer thwart his purpose. To attempt it, I have left my regiment, and in its accomplishment will I risk my life; for, if I cannot exist while one effort remains unattempted, and in its failure I lose all relish for earthly enjoyment.

In your last you tell me, that you have something to say of Belinda. I am on the rack of impatience; nor do I find the smallest respite from your adding, that it is not to my disadvantage. But I must alone blame myself; for as you have ever openly, thereby acting to the test of true friendship, opposed my passion for Belinda, I cannot impeach your conduct.

In my distress, I have written to her, I know not what—and no sooner had I committed the letter to the post, than I blamed myself for my temerity. O my friend!—prove yourself such—What am I saying?—Prove yourself!—Forgive me, Goodwill, for you have been a most valued friend.

Go

Go to Belinda—I conjure you—intreat—mark her looks, for she will, ere then, have had this fatal letter. She knows how strong friendship is cemented between us, and may betray to you her sentiments. Do this—and you will release, from misery, your friend,

W. FORTESCUE.

THE ANSWER.

London, —, 178—

I FOUND Belinda under the impression of heavy affliction. Her eyes were swollen and overflown with tears; and Mrs. Worthy in vain attempting to soothe the apparent anguish of her mind.

I endeavoured, by gentle methods, to learn the cause, for I greatly feared they proceeded from your letter; but, not to keep you longer in suspense on that head, I thus early tell you, that it had not come

to hand. You must however arm yourself against surprise, and encounter difficulties, in my opinion, unsurmountable.

The object of your affection is no longer Miss Belinda Worthy, or the niece of the gentleman of that name.——

It appears, that her father is living, and an officer in the English service; but in which department, or of what rank, I could not learn. He was ordered on foreign service, immediately after the birth of his only daughter Belinda; and as he has been with very little intermission abroad, he directed his daughter's situation should be kept a profound secret. He is expected home in a few days; on which account Mr. Worthy has thought proper to prepare his daughter to receive her father.

This is the story communicated to me by Mrs. Worthy; and as soon as she had ended her narrative, the young lady, raising her drooping head, faintly (and to my great surprise), asked me, when I had heard from my friend at Gibraltar? I answered, “This very morning—I expect to see him “in town, in a few days.” Her embarrassment was too evident to escape the observation of either Mrs. Worthy or myself—The old lady looked displeasure—I confusion; and, in the midst of a mutual embarrassment, I retired.

Here,

Here, my dear William, I must intrude my observations, and again offer my advice. I have seen enough to convince me of mutual passion. Remember, that I again caution you to conduct yourself with prudence.

The situation of the young lady is, to you, most critical. She may prove the daughter of virtuous parents; but I rather fear her to be the offspring of unhallowed love. There is something in the tale I have heard, so improbable—a tale fitting alone for the days of romance—that, I must be free to acknowledge, it carries not to me that satisfaction I ever feel from the effects of conviction.

Her dejection, and apparent distress, occasioned, as I was led to believe, by her being told of the existence of a father—and her emotions, on the mention of your name, appear to me rather the effects of laboured study, than of pure nature. Surely, the grateful news of the existence of a long lost parent, would have elated the gentlest breast, and not depress it. The tale of the officer, too, contributes not a little to my suspicion. Colonel and Captain are titles assumed and debased by travellers, as well as honoured by the rewards of merit, and long service. The illegitimate offspring of abandoned nobility, are ushered into the world as the lawful children of officers

officers of nominal rank—and why may not the plebeian race, who in many instances, are their superiors, in this fashionable vice also copy their original?

Let me search a little farther into the probability of my surmise; and first, as to your earliest acquaintance with this young lady. You have told me, that it took place at a public concert—a species of entertainment open to all who offer their money. She was then in company with Mrs. Worthy—a lady, perhaps, meriting her appellation—and God forbid that I should impute aught to the contrary!—for I argue from circumstances, not upon facts.

These two ladies, unconnected with any other company, you met in public; and as a man of gallantry, befitting the character of a soldier, you assisted them to a hackney-coach. The elder lady proved communicative, for she told you her place of residence. In a day or two you repaired thither, was kindly received, and soon fell in love with the young one. Your affection has increased with such rapidity, as now to approach madness.

Are these connected circumstances, carrying along with them credibility, to vindicate the conduct of a man of sense, in his love for a young lady, situated and circumstanced like Belinda?—Are these sufficient grounds

grounds on which a man may build the hope of permanent happiness? Or is this the conduct of a discreet matron—or this, of a virtuous female? It may ensnare the unguarded and inexperienced youth—but must disgust the man of sentiment.

It would—so warm, my dear William, is my friendship—almost break my heart to see you lost by a hasty matrimonial connexion. I will, however, endeavour to expound, what I must own appears to me mysterious. In the mean time, I think it would be prudent for you to remain, yet a little longer, in the country; and you may rest assured of my unwearied exertions in promoting your happiness.

G. GOODWILL.

THE

THE LORD WRANGLE WARREN

TO

HIS NEPHEW, FRANK DOYLEY.

Wednesday, ,

“Talk of blooming charms and graces,

“All is notion, all is name;

“Nothing differs but their faces,

“Ev’ry woman is the same.”

WHEREFORE Boy, writest thou to me of thy *sweet* Harriet, and the *lovely* Harriet?—Thinkest thou to put me out of love with either my Lady, or my Lordship?—No—I like my bargain, in all its parts, aye, as much as thou canst thine. What though my *spouse* blooms with neither youth or beauty, her lands will wear their verdure, when both are fled from thy Harriet.

Let me, for a moment, descant on the personal acquirements of Mrs. Ranter. She is *ugly*—Granted—Ugliness hath its properties. It is the parent of that kind of virtue,

virtue, which depends not upon principle ; and is the most effectual means of a lady's neither leading, or being led into temptation. It is an antidote to the "green-eyed monster, jealousy." It does not more protect the chastity of the wearers, than it advances their fame. It enlists all their own sex on their side, and is a sovereign preservative from envy. Have not many of the best Families in Europe been distinguished by an hereditary ugliness, from the rest of mankind? Are not some of our greatest senatorial orators marked by it, as much as they are distinguished by their cavilings? Survey the ladies of the Court—why, the *Maids of Honour* would support my argument.

Look to the descriptions of Roman Emperors—survey the busts of the ancient philosophers—the figure of *Æsop*—face of *Socrates*. The magnificence of pride—the fierceness of command—and many other attributes of great men—can be but ill sustained by a set of beautiful features.

The following couplet, addressed by a poet to an unfortunate beauty, may serve me as a thesis—

"Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less care ;

"Ladies are happiest, moderately fair."

L

You

You may reply, that beauty is mere fancy—I grant it, and I insist, that the objection makes for my argument; for, if beauty is all fancy—why—I, or any other one, may fancy *ugliness* to be beautiful.

Beauty is a most dangerous article, in the possession of a giddy girl; and those who escape the *unguarded hour*, how do we find them employed?—Beautiful Maria, hugging Pug, her he monkey—Pretty Polly, kissing Shock, her filthy lap-dog. Thus between monkies and puppies, of both the human and brute race, do the *beautiful ladies* of the present day kill their time.

Away then with your paltry eye-traps—your red cheeks and lips—your symmetry and fine proportion—these are mere *shadows* of beauty.

Give me the woman of *solidity* of mind, and I care not if her person is twenty stone weight. The instability of *beauty* is common complaint. Give me *ugliness*—there is something immutable in its nature—and, should it by accident change, it can lose nothing by the bargain—

——I am rewarded——

RALPH RANTER.

HARRIET

HARRIET DOYLEY

BELINDA

I WOULD not—even limited by the mirthful mood of jocundity, and sanctioned by laws of retaliation—offer to my sweet friend the smallest tendency to what might give her one moment's pain. Be witness, Heaven!—that the only ungratified wish to render Harriet the happiest of her sex, is—to see Belinda united to a man deserving her goodness and beauty.

Indeed, I know not how far your affections were engaged. I told *you* all—and a mutual confidence might have spared you much pain, and me a cloud of sorrow through the sunshine of pleasure. The only reparation I can offer is—to explain. I learnt of Fortescue's wound by the public prints—there I saw his name among the list of wounded. Could I suppose that it

remained a secret?—This is all I know; but I pray for more intelligence—that my Belinda may soon hear of his recovery, and experience such blessings by his return as I do, with my Doyley. I am—his happy wife.

Do not imagine, that I form these notions from the experience of three days union. Your gay friend has become the sober wife; and therefore cannot suppose a husband will always remain a lover. Those who expect it will be deceived; and the wife must be miserable, who aims at greater happiness, than that resulting from her own fire side.

What you tell me respecting the existence of your parent is so mysterious, that had the awful news come through any other channel, than Mr. Worthy, I should have doubted its veracity. Summon your fortitude to meet his paternal embrace. He will be blessed in his child; and I pray, that you may find in him, a tender and affectionate father—he must be so to such a daughter as Belinda.

I intreat you, not to withhold from me, the particulars of your affecting interview, for indeed your welfare has many claims on my happiness—it is incomplete, when you are miserable. Do not impute my late silence to a want of confidence; for the
hasty

hasty celebration of my marriage was the effect of accident. My barbarian lover, of whom I made mention, I hope to your amusement, finding his interest overpowered by the solicitations of my Doyley, in his revenge attacked his rival unawares—but the assassin met his deserts; and papa no longer withheld his consent that I should become,

HARRIET DOYLEY.

F O R T E S C U E.

G O O D W I L L.

Isle of Wight, —, 178—

YET, will I not complain—No—I thank my God for blessing me in the *friendship* of my dear Goodwill. You are the physician of my sickly soul, and as a child will I be led by your direction, even under the ungovernable influence of love. But—fail not.

not in your daily communication!—nor omit an opportunity of learning *all* the story of Belinda; for each mention of her, is a cordial recipe to my disordered mind.

I am resigned, and fortified with patience—that you may be sure of ~~this~~, I will forget *my* anxiety, in relating to you the unfortunate story of the poor victim I so lately rescued from my merciless landlord. How shall I in language paint my astonishment, and her confusion, on the discovery of her birth, and recent situation! She whom I late beheld in all the happiness of domestic comfort—blessed in the affections of a tender mother, and surrounded by admiring relations and friends—blooming in all the charms of virgin innocence, and the admiration of all who knew her!—Such was she, who is now the most wretched of her sex!—forsaken—friendless—a very outcast of society! —————

This is that very she for whom I was exposed to the point of the assassin's weapon—for whom I suffered ignominious bondage, and finally escaped a wound, which ~~smarts~~ *smarts* afresh from memory. ~~Now~~ You, my friend, have taught me not to question the ways of God—I will not—but surely I may wonder what crime this poor victim can have committed, to bring upon herself so large a portion of his vengeance!

Our

Our mutual discovery of each other, which took place in the same moment, I thought would have terminated her existence. I would, that it had been so! Oh!—had you heard her call upon death, to cover her shame, with his leaden hand—to spare her friends the knowledge of her guilt—you would have joined her prayer!

I raised her gently up, and told her to take comfort—for that I sought to foster, not to increase distress. She for some moments regarded me with a look of wildness, which was increasing into a strange disorder, when a flood of tears checked its progress. I also received a similar relief; and quitted the side of the bed of misery, to indulge the grateful passion.

As soon as she appeared a little composed, I again advanced, and told her of the success of my endeavours to administer to her the means of relief, first adding to it a moiety of the contents of my purse. I was then proceeding to intreat her to bend her thoughts towards her home, observing with what open arms, and joyful heart, the mother must receive her long lost child—but she interrupted, and prayed me not to indulge a hope that was unattainable. “I have no home,” continued she, “but in the grave, and have no parent to receive

“ ceive me but death, and even he is deaf
 “ to my petition—he lays the happy low,
 “ and neglects the miserable. I asked his
 “ embrace, and Heaven has sent me a
 “ friend. When I look on you, I think
 “ my God has not entirely forsaken me,
 “ or wherefore should you be sent to me
 “ with comfort, in the very moment of
 “ destruction?”

She told me a tale, of virtue undone by
 villainy—of the purest innocence, falling a
 victim to the deepest laid treachery.

“ I participated in your troubles,”
 continued she, “ and would gladly have
 “ been the partner of your imprisonment;
 “ for I was the cause. Can you forgive
 “ me?—But need I ask a boon of charity
 “ from *you*? Indeed, I have rendered ex-
 “ piation—there my troubles began, and
 “ your enlargement obtained me no mi-
 “ tigation. My own sex, at their tri-
 “ bunal, where *envy* and *malice* administer
 “ justice, tried me unheard, and con-
 “ demned me unpitied. Among women
 “ there is no charity to each other—they
 “ are merciless, even to those who fall un-
 “ der their common enemy—the hypocri-
 “ cal villain. Instead of hiding the frailty
 “ of their friend, they seek occasion to
 “ expose her; falsely supposing, that her
 “ guilt renders them more amiable: nay,
 “ how

“ how often will they, without reason or
 “ truth, magnify surmise into absolute
 “ guilt—then indeed the victim’s lot is
 “ hard—so I found it. How far I was
 “ guilty, you can bear witness. Would
 “ to God I could extend that proof unto
 “ this day! But though I have sinned, my
 “ heart is not steeled in wickedness—and
 “ though I have been treacherously seduced
 “ from the paths of virtue, I am a repen-
 “ tant sinner.”

Her agitation rendered her utterance no
 longer intelligible. I attempted to soothe
 the anguish of her mind, and told her I
 might yet be of service to her. “ Alas,”
 returned she, “ what more can be done
 “ for such a wretch as me!—the cruel
 “ spoiler sailed for the West-Indies the
 “ day I arrived here. You have done too
 “ much—you have prolonged, for a little
 “ time, a life hateful to itself, and hated
 “ by the world—and yet, your words
 “ quicken a dying heart.”

“ Tell me then,” interrupted I, “ what
 “ villain could do you so much wrong?”

“ His name is B——, a lieutenant
 “ in the navy. My mother, much against
 “ my inclination, insisted on my continu-
 “ ing to attend the fatal assembly where I
 “ first saw you, and where also I became
 “ acquainted with B——. He succeed-

“ ed you as my partner in the dance ; and
“ being armed with every allurements to
“ captivate an unsuspecting heart, I fatally
“ listened to him. He soon perceived the
“ advantage he had gained, and pretend-
“ ed the greatest sincerity of love. In a
“ few days he proposed marriage, and
“ strongly importuned me, that the nup-
“ tials should be celebrated privately, and
“ at a distance from Exeter. His demean-
“ or carried with it so much the appearance
“ of the gentleman, and his attentions all
“ the marks of sincerity, that I soon gave
“ way to his solicitations. The injustice
“ done to my character by my female ac-
“ quaintance, made his proposal of cele-
“ brating the marriage afar off, and in
“ secret, highly acceptable ; but its practi-
“ cability appeared unsurmountable, inde-
“ pendent of the necessity of its being
“ sanctioned by the consent of my mother.
“ How sweet and persuasive is the elo-
“ quence of love ! B—— in a short time
“ removed my doubts, and dispelled my
“ fears ; and—O fatal moment !—obtain-
“ ed my consent to accompany him with a
“ maid servant to London, where alone
“ he told me marriages could be privately
“ solemnised.

“ This domestic had been in the service
“ of our family many years, and from my
“ in-

“infancy had attended me. I therefore
“feared no danger now that I had her
“assistance; for she ever expressed towards
“me a maternal regard—but, alas! I was
“soon bartered at the sordid price of her
“avarice, and fell a victim to the duplicity
“of a villain.

“We reached London, and drove to
“apartments which B—— had previ-
“ously prepared for our reception. The
“house bore the appearance of much ho-
“nesty; but alas! I soon found it adapt-
“ed to the completion of female ruin—
“and here my misery began. My maid,
“soon after our arrival, found means to
“leave me in the power of my enemy—
“he however appeased my anxiety, on her
“account, for I was yet unsuspicious. An
“elegant supper was ordered; and through
“the medium of Champagne, which was
“served to me as cyder, my ruin was
“completely effected.

“B——, whose art in female destruc-
“tion I believe to be unparalleled, found
“means to divert my resentment, by addi-
“tional promises of immediate marriage.
“His affected whining, I believed, result-
“ed from real penitence—in short, on his
“leaving the house under the solemn assur-
“ance of immediately procuring a licence,
“I forgave him. On his return, a soften-

“ed

“ed smile upon his countenance presaged
“happy news; and I eagerly enquired my
“fate. With seeming regret he told me,
“that the law required both parties to be
“of age, before any marriage could be
“solemnized under our circumstances;
“as I had not arrived at those years, the
“only mode to effect it would be, by a
“publication of banns in a parish church.
“I would then, have believed any thing
“he said, or submitted to whatever he
“proposed. This I have found to be the
“only truth he ever asserted, and therein he
“served his own purpose; therefore de-
“serves no credit. I was removed to a
“lodging in the neighbourhood of Covent-
“Garden; and, under the delusive idea
“of being soon united to the man I held
“most dear to me, I experienced a few
“days of as much happiness, as the inter-
“vals of the time, which was not devoted
“to the thoughts of my mother, and my
“precarious state, would allow.

“As the time when the publication of
“the banns was to expire drew near,
“B——’s attentions visibly diminished;
“and to my grief he told me, that it would
“be impossible for him to wait for their
“expiration, as he was ordered on imme-
“diate foreign service. This distressing
“intelligence was given with a coldness,
“that

“ that froze my very heart. I was for some
“ time unable to reply, nor was he solici-
“ tous to hear me.—When I questioned
“ him on marriage—he was silent; and
“ when I asked him when he would re-
“ turn, he replied—NEVER!—

“ The last word, like the dagger’s
“ point pierced my heart, and I fell insen-
“ sible on the floor. On my revival, I
“ found myself attended by the woman of
“ the house; and on enquiring for Mr.
“ B——, was informed that he had left
“ it, as he pretended, unable to support
“ the sight of me in so much distress. She
“ also informed me, that Mr. B—— had
“ promised to return in a few days, and
“ comply with my utmost wishes. Though I
“ could not fully credit this information, yet
“ I determined to compose myself, and wait
“ the time. This was however a resolution,
“ which I found myself inadequate to fol-
“ low. I was next morning in a high fe-
“ ver; and ere it had abated, I resolved to
“ follow my betrayer. My patience could
“ no longer brook delay; and as I knew
“ his ship was in readiness at Portsmouth,
“ I set off by the coach for that place,
“ without more money in the world than
“ would bear my expences. At Portf-
“ mouth I learnt that the officers of the
“ ——— man

" ——— man of war, to which B——
 " belonged, were at this place, and I
 " landed a few hours after the ship sailed.
 " The remainder of my misery you were
 " an eye witness to—I was resigned to my
 " fate, when you rescued me—May God
 " reward you!—but I fear you have only
 " prolonged the existence of a wretch, who
 " with fervour sues to be relieved by death.
 " Leave me then to my fate—my heart is
 " quite broke!" ———

Say, my friend, what more shall I do for
 this much injured innocent?—I am half-
 resolved—I will go to her mother—I will
 pursue this detested B—— to the farthest
 corner of the earth——

O vain, rash vows! ———

O Belinda!—Belinda! ———

GOODWILL

GOODWILL.

F O R T E S C U E.

London, — 178—

NOTHING more, my dear William, can I say on the theme of our late correspondence; and, yet, were I to be silent, the violence of your disorder would impute in me, a violation of the duties of friendship.

What then shall I say?—If I moralise, you will tell me how sweet my language would be to you from the pulpit; and when I argue with you on your misplaced passion, you say, I impede your progress to happiness. In short, you are disordered, and yet reject the aid of a physician.

As we are not, at all times, competent to judge for ourselves, I shall swell my letter, however you may disapprove, with a few comments on the virtue of patience—a
remedy

remedy I wish to prescribe to you in your present situation.

Had not the great Duke of Buckingham, in the very zenith of his pomp and power, sometimes adopted this virtue, he would much earlier have met his fate. That great statesman, after lavishing his fortune, being taken ill at an alehouse on the road, he called for attendance, but was told by the landlord, that he would come to him when he had fed his hog.

The manner in which a countryman treated the proud, by some called the Great Duke of Somerset, was not exactly similar; who, on his Grace's being highly offended with him for looking at him, drew out a pig he had in a sack, and said, "Aye, and my pig shall look at you too." The Duke himself was a puppy, like other proud men.

Two of the most renowned princes that ever swayed the sceptre of Great-Britain, Edward the Third, and Elizabeth, were forsaken in their dying moments by their attendants.

The Emperor Charles the Fifth, who had essayed universal monarchy, when on the point of resigning his kingdoms, after conversing with an ambassador, himself let him down stairs, his attendants being all gone or asleep; and when he was retired
into

into a monastery, his son, instead of paying him the covenanted stipend, grudgingly allowed him a competent maintenance.

Even the whole race of Philip of Macedon and Alexander was extirpated, within a short time after the death of the latter.

Our own history affords equal instances of patience and resignation. How much greater would have been the sufferings of King Charles the First, had he not been fortified in mind, equal to the royalty of his person. He dies a thousand deaths, who in adversity is not armed with patience. And his son, who for many years swayed the British Sceptre passed his youth in danger and obscurity. But the greatest instance of this virtue, which we have recorded, is that which preserved the life of James, the Pretender to the English throne.

If you call upon me for examples of patience in love, I answer—they are innumerable. I pray you then be a man, and we may long exchange the intercourse of friendship.

G. GOODWILL.

BELINDA

BELINDA

TO

F O R T E S C U E.

ALAS, Mr. Fortescue!—you know not to whom you write, and are ignorant of the distress in which your indiscretion has involved me; but as the knowledge of either may secure me in future—I have determined to answer you:

I am no longer the supposed niece or heiress of Mr. Worthy—no longer that Belinda you think me. I may prove to be some poor forlorn orphan, over whom my patron has extended his charity!—Should this prove true, and I have some reason to think the conjecture well founded—think, Mr. Fortescue, on the misery you have entailed upon me. You, Sir, have been the cause of my incurring the displeasure of my only known friend—you have forfeited all my

my future claims upon his bounty. How can you ever make me reparation?—Oh!—how replace me in the state in which you first found me?—

If you possess one spark of that honour or affection which you pretend, you will desist in this ill timed pursuit. A little time may do much for you; for it may prove me no longer an object of your attention. When poor and friendless, as I much fear I soon may be, I shall then rest in security—then shall I be no longer importuned. A little time may therefore spare you much trouble, and a world of pain to

The wretched

BELINDA

P. S. If your temerity should prompt you to write again, your letter will escape the sight of Mr. Worthy, whom I already have too much offended, by sending it under cover to my friend Mrs. T.—

GOODWILL

GOODWILL

FORTESCUE.

London, —, 178—

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

THOUGH I can hear no further tidings of Belinda, yet I can tell you that which I trust will prove more welcome news. Soon after your departure for Gibraltar, your unknown uncle, Mr. Avare of Jamaica, returned to London. The moment I was apprised of his arrival, knowing he had no child, my solicitude for your welfare was raised to a pitch of anxious hope and expectation. I introduced myself to him in the character in which I trust I have long been known to you—that of your bosom friend. He received me like one who feared the intrusion of a needy visitor; and

and by an instinct, known only to fordid and avaricious souls, he proceeded to anticipate my moving his generosity in your favour, by telling me of the many losses, and vexatious turns of fortune which he had suffered. He said, that it is true, there was a time when he was a little before hand with the world; but that trade abroad, which was the road he had marked out to the attainment of what might keep him the remainder of his days from immediate want, was at a stand, from the ill-judged peace: “and,” added he, “to complete my ruin, the minister, among other oppressive acts and grievous burthens that he has laid upon his master’s subjects, has dared to interfere with our slave trade—the very commodity in which alone I dealt—“Was it not enough,” continued your humane relation, “for him to tax those immediately under his gripe, but he must extend his d—d measures beyond the seas, and raise discontent among our slaves by setting them free?” “Not so, Sir,” replied I. “Not so, indeed!” resumed he—“how far short has he gone, to letting loose the savage race upon our islands?—What are we to expect?—Did he not begin with our Eastern territories, by an incomprehensible Act of Parliament, “and

“ and then bring in a Declaratory one, re-
“ plete with those very measures which
“ ousted his great competitor? I am dis-
“ gusted with the world, and will no longer
“ endure its growing villainy.—An honest
“ man now a days cannot get a livelihood
“ —therefore I am determined to live
“ peaceably on the little I have saved out
“ of the wreck of my ill fortune. Why I
“ have seen the time, when I have brought
“ five hundred head to market, and sold
“ them at ten clear Joes a head—now, in
“ the same vessel, by the minister’s sapience,
“ I was restricted to one hundred and sixty,
“ am obliged to hire a surgeon who has
“ passed an examination, and pay for his
“ diploma. But the mischief does not
“ end here—formerly, we could throw our
“ sick slaves overboard, but now are nar-
“ rowly watched, and the son of *Æscula-*
“ pius crams them with medicine, and
“ makes us out a long bill for the cure
“ of a negro, who is not worth half his
“ charge. Another great loss we have
“ sustained, since the minister’s interfer-
“ ence—we cannot now divide man and
“ wife, or parents and children—all the
“ family must go in one lot; and in a
“ little time I expect to find that there will
“ be no lots at all at market; for the next
“ stride of this stripling minister, I doubt
“ not,

“not, will be, the total abolition of trade
“in Africa. Think of this, Sir—a ma-
“ritime country to be abridged of its
“trade!”

Thus did your humane uncle harangue, with little intermission, during my first visit. As I found each mention of you, only served to inflame his execrations of the minister, which was more calculated to evade my purpose, than from real grief, I determined to proceed in a stile more suited to his temper.

This is but the outline of the character of your relation—the particulars are correspondently avaricious, libidinous, and shocking.

In a few days I again called on him with a story more suited to his ear. I prefaced it with a proposal of enriching himself, and serving you. “As how, my good friend,” replied Hunks. “Your nephew, Sir, is a
“lieutenant in the army, and perhaps at
“this moment hazarding his life in the
“service of his country”—

“Pshaw!—hazard!—why I have run a
“hazard all my life,” interrupted he peevishly.

Finding neither honour, pity, or alliance would move him, I confined myself entirely to my money-getting plan, and thus continued—“Your nephew, Sir, is a lieutenant
“ant

"ant in the army, deserving of promotion"

"Every man does not meet his deserts now a days," (again interrupted Hunks)
—"Now, Sir, he can find good security for the money, though he cannot command the cash itself, to purchase a company, and he could afford to pay twenty per cent—and twelve hundred pounds, Sir,"—

—"Twelve hundred pounds, at twenty per cent. and good security!—Well, find me good security, and I will *borrow* the sum, to *lend* to him"—

After much cogitation, this was precisely the answer of your affectionate uncle, and, infamous as it was, it pleased me not a little.

From him I proceeded to an army broker, and soon agreed upon the price of your promotion; then returned with an account of my success. Mr. Avare listened to me with an ill-omened countenance! and methodically replied, that his mind was changed—observing, that his nephew might die, and bondsmen might fail. It was in vain expostulating—he was peremptorily determined——

I thought naming this circumstance to you, would only increase your uneasiness; nor would it ever have escaped me, could I not follow the disgraceful tale to the advancement

vancement of your rank, fortune, and, I hope, happiness.

Great as my resentment was, I continued, on your account, the appearance of a friendly intercourse with your uncle, and took every opportunity to see him, which, notwithstanding my assiduity, was very seldom; for I found he had entered into every kind of luxuriant debauchery; and though he would not part with a shilling, to relieve the necessitous, yet would squander pounds in one night's indulgence of his venereal appetites.

This was a way of life ill suited to a constitution, parched by the torrid zone. In a few weeks it brought him upon his death bed. Calling one day, I found him so emaciated, that I should scarce have known him, though he did not bear a fleshly appearance on his first arrival.—Such is the price of immoderate sacrifices to Bacchus and Venus!—He called me to his side; and, to my astonishment, began a conversation about you, and said, that he was sorry for having refused the sum he once promised, but that the sin of avarice had taken such hold of him, that even now, though he believed himself a dying man, he could not endure the thoughts of parting with a guinea, for any other purpose than to indulge himself—“But,” continued he, “William will soon have it all

M

“—for

“ —for it will do me no service in the
“ grave!”

I repeated my visit in two or three days,
and found him expiring, in all the horrors
of a guilty mind. On the sight of me, he
told me to draw near. “ You,” said he, rais-
ing himself in his bed, “ are an holy man
“ —hear then my confession, and witness
“ my repentance—but deal not with me
“ like the misguided Romish clergy, who
“ conceal what might prove a lesson to
“ mankind, and grant absolution for sins,
“ perhaps passing expiation—No!—pub-
“ lish my iniquity, and conceal not my re-
“ pentance!—

“ My boyish days, the only time I lived
“ as a Christian, passed under the eye of
“ affectionate parents, with my only sister,
“ the virtuous mother of your friend Wil-
“ liam; but the vicious bent of my mind
“ was conspicuous, while yet a school-boy.
“ Having met a merited chastisement from
“ my schoolmaster, in revenge, I stabbed
“ him in the dark, and fled towards the
“ sea side. This murder I however have
“ not to answer for—he recovered—but
“ the intent lies heavy at my heart. Li-
“ verpool being the port to which I fled,
“ my undaunted assurance soon got the
“ place of a cabinboy in a Guineaman. I
“ served in all the stations of this most in-
“ human

“ human and criminal of all traffic, when
“ my natural ferocity, at an early age,
“ gained me a command, in which I con-
“ tinued many years, and accumulated an
“ immense property. As my wealth in-
“ creased, I encouraged my natural cruelty.
“ Many score wretches, whom I now feel
“ individually goading me with the very
“ instruments I tortured or murdered them,
“ have fallen victims to my wanton barba-
“ rity!—but one scene of horror which I
“ perpetrated lays on my conscience, a
“ load insupportable!

“ Hearing a noise one night on the
“ voyage among the slaves, I imprudently
“ went down into the dungeon and in-
“ discriminately beat them, until fatigue
“ alone caused me to desist. In coming
“ up again, I received a blow upon the
“ head, from one of the unfortunate
“ wretches, and narrowly escaped their just
“ vengeance. I however cloaked my re-
“ sentment until the morning; when, sum-
“ moning my cargo upon deck, I informed
“ them, through my interpreter, that I
“ had marked those who struck me, and
“ was determined to be revenged. I then
“ singled out one who had shewn in the
“ voyage uncommon distress in his unhap-
“ py fate, and ordered him to plunge into
“ the sea—the wretch obeyed—then ano-

“ ther, and another. At length, one of
“ those who remained came forward, with
“ magnanimity in his looks, and in a bold
“ and resolute tone of voice told my inter-
“ preter, that ’twas he alone who struck
“ me; and though he was lately a prince—
“ thus he resigned himself to his fate.
“ Then calling his companions, who he
“ said, had been his subjects, to follow his
“ example—he plunged into the sea, and
“ was seen no more. Many followed—
“ and it was with much difficulty my crew
“ could save any part of my cargo. A fe-
“ male, among those that were restrained
“ from plunging into the briny deep, more
“ than the rest attracted my notice. She
“ beckoned to me, with emotions of great
“ distress. I ordered my interpreter to at-
“ tend her, who told me that this female
“ had been the illustrious consort of the
“ prince, and that she intreated my per-
“ mission to follow her lord—but even
“ here, that devil who had possession of me,
“ would not permit me to grant her re-
“ quest. Instead of complying with her
“ heartpiercing petition, I ordered her into
“ my cabin, and forced her to submit to
“ desires, which wanton brutality, not
“ lust, inflamed—then sent her for a simi-
“ lar, or any other purpose, among my
“ crew.

“ These

“ These were scenes of wickedness,
“ which custom and example had rendered
“ familiar to me ; and I never looked back
“ to them with repentance, until the wrath
“ of God has lately fallen upon me. Now,
“ if I am a moment left alone, I am
“ seized with horror, terrors, and despair.
“ At one moment, the iron muzzle, or the
“ lash, with which I have often, in wan-
“ tonnes, scourged the unfortunate ne-
“ groes, like an air drawn dagger, is sus-
“ pended before me—at another moment,
“ the lamentations of fathers, mothers,
“ husband, wife, children, and lovers,
“ tearing from each other’s arms, in con-
“ signing to eternal separation, and inhu-
“ man slavery, assailed my ears—then arose
“ the majestic figure of the prince, leading
“ his polluted wife to my side !——

“ Last night, so great was my mental
“ torture that I resolved to render retribu-
“ tion to the shades of these victims, and
“ to perish in the flames of the wealth I had
“ accumulated in their sufferings. I there-
“ fore collected as many bank notes as in
“ my horror I could find and placing them
“ under the bed, I set fire to the curtains,
“ and threw myself upon the flames, as an
“ atoning sacrifice ; but the stench alarm-
“ ing my servant in the next room, he
“ burst into mine, and extinguished the
“ flames.

“ All

“ All the valuables and notes, which I
 “ had designed as passports to eternity,
 “ were saved, which is some consolation—
 “ My nephew will use them, which I never
 “ must—All I require of him is, to build
 “ an Asylum for unfortunate negroes—I
 “ have so ordered it in my will, which I
 “ signed a few hours before I attempted to
 “ put my resolution of yesterday in prac-
 “ tice—The remainder of my wealth is at
 “ his disposal—He will find sufficient to
 “ atone for the manner it was obtained—
 “ in charity—in” ———

Here the penitent's narrative was stopt
 by a convulsive fit, from which he never re-
 covered. A bundle of papers which lay on
 the table by his bed side, he seized with an
 earnest grasp, and kept them clenched in
 his hands, even after death had smote him.
 He spoke no more—but long struggled in
 apparent torture, and at intervals fixed his
 dying eyes upon that which he held in his
 hand—at last, he thus expired! ———

My first care was to seal up all his valua-
 bles, until your return. I then proceeded
 to disengage the papers from his grasp, but
 found death had so closely clenched his fist,
 that it was not without some difficulty we
 could force open his hand. On examining
 the contents, I found it contained bank
 notes,

notes, bonds, bills, and other securities, to the amount of about fifty thousand pounds ; and even these are by no means the whole of his fortune. I then went to inspect the will, and found that you are the only legatee, and executor.

Will you still, my dear Fortescue, credit my professions of friendship ?—Yes, I know my friend so well, that methinks the possession of the dominion of the East could not shake his honesty. Where wayward fortune metamorphoses the humble dependant, by calling him to the rank of him he served, he no longer knows the companion of his daily toil—in him the strange reverses, severs ancient friendship—but, in the elevated mind, it adds firmness to the bond. Your late acquirement does not more endear you to,

G. GOODWILL.

FORTESCUE

F O R T E S C U E.

TO

G O O D W I L L.

Isle of Wight, —, 178—

HAD the information, which is contained in your last, came from one less dear to me than my Goodwill—so strange, so unexpected it is, that I should have sought to punish the writer, who could jest upon so dangerous a ground. I could suppose it nothing more than the result of a jocund hour—this unfortunate relation we supposed dead many years.

Yes, Goodwill!—I will apportion no small part of my uncle's fortune, in atoning
for

for the manner of its accumulation. Sometimes I think I will not touch the smallest coin, but consign it all to charitable uses—but then again, need I not myself the boon of charity?—and will not a very trifle of it raise my friend to rank in his sacred function?—

O my friend!—how seasonable has this happy reverse of fortune befallen! Along with the news, came a letter from my dear Belinda, full of sorrow, as yours was replete with the means of alleviating, in some measure, her distress. Aye, my friend—I am bold enough to think so—nor could you deny it, were you to peruse her letter. There do I find *hope*, even while she obeys the duties of obedience, in checking my ardour—there, while she gently chides my indiscretion, does she sweetly, in nature's unadorned language, try the strength of my passion—painting the object of my heart, a poor lost orphan, dependant on the bounty of him, whose displeasure, she says, I have brought down upon her head!—

Yes, fair maid—'twas thyself I sought, and not thy riches—and as I would in poverty and affliction have taken thee to my heart, cherished thy drooping spirits, and with my hands earned the sweet pittance for thy support—so now will I fly to

thee, and with my fortune fall at thy feet—there languish, until raised by thine own fair hand, and never taste of pleasure till thou art mine!——

I am not, my friend, intoxicated with the acquisition of fortune; but the hopes of possessing Belinda, drowns my senses in delight. But let not my overjoy make me forget the calls of humanity, or to pay the heartfelt tribute of gratitude. Both were ever pictured in my fancy, and often has my heart throbbed and sympathised, without having the power of gratifying it!—Blessed be God, for furnishing me with the means of rendering myself, in all respects, an useful member to society!——

First then, as to my unfortunate fellow lodger, the lost Eliza. The magnitude of the bank note you enclosed, has caused me a journey to Portsmouth, where, with some difficulty, I have procured small ones; for in truth, Goodwill, I had not wherewithal to act the part I wished to this poor victim. In the fulness of my heart I ran to inform her, that her wretchedness, as far as pecuniary assistance availed, was at an end. The effect it produced in her was such, as I fear will impede my journey, for I am determined she shall be the companion of it; and if I cannot entirely soothe
her

her sorrows, I will, at least, use my best endeavours to diver her melancholy.

Oh!—haste to my Belinda!—and tell her my increase of fortune has, if possible, produced increase of love!—tell her, that I am happily enabled to dispel her patron's fears, which must alone be confined to pecuniary ones—for both my honour and frailties are strangers to him—and that I come to merit her esteem. Tell her that the *poor* Belinda was ever to me far richer than wealth, and dearer than my life!—O tell her, that she alone can render supreme happiness to her

W. FORTESCUE.

GOODWILE.

GOODWILL

TO

FORTESCUE.

London, ——— 178—

MRS. WORTHY has removed Belinda from her lodgings in ———; but where or how she has disposed of her, I am yet ignorant.

I learnt this from their late landlady, on my calling to communicate to the young lady your instructions. She told me, in commenting on their sudden removal, to use her own words—"that to be sure it was
 " not her place to speak, as the gentlefolks
 " paid their way with honour; but I sus-
 " pect

“pected more than I have seen in this
“affair—they went off before day light in
“a post-chaise, and have not told mortal
“where they are going to. Well, it’s no
“affair of mine, but for my part, I think
“Miss is either in love, or has met with
“some accident.”

I give you, my dear William, my intelligence verbatim, that you may form your own conjectures, in as full an extent, as though it had passed in your presence.

I shall towards you, whatever changes may happen to either of us, never relinquish the privileges which friendship has given me; I shall therefore offer you my comments on this last proceeding, not more because it somewhat inclines me to be favourable to your wish, but that you may have the advantage of a second opinion, founded on principles that hold your welfare dear, as you can do the happiness of Belinda.

Of this flight, for nothing less can I term it, I can put but two constructions—The first is, the fear of the young lady’s placing her affections on a man, without fortune sufficient to render the marriage state easy—and the other, an objection to the unsettled life of a soldier. I therefore hold myself, in some measure, entitled to recede from my former opinion; for, had she been the
child

child of chance, the offspring of needy parents, or the illegitimate produce of unhallowed love; this great circumspection had not been necessary.

Perhaps, the tale of her birth and situation may have a foundation. I am inclined to favour some part of it; but, as I before observed, these are not days of chivalry or romance. The father, it is true, may have his reasons for concealing himself from his child; and the vicissitudes of life may keep a parent for years from his family. On this head, that part of the story which goes to Belinda's father being an officer, who, since her birth has been destined to foreign service, is most probable; and, on that account, the keeping his daughter from a knowledge of her parent, is certainly admissible. Her pain for her father's situation would increase with her years; and to a mind of the sensibility of Belinda's, anxiety for a parent's fate might supersede all other occupations.

But while I am thus arguing, favourable to your wishes, you will tell me that the object is fled, and that I cannot say whither. It is true, she now evades my researches, but cannot long be lost—for a while she has disappeared, but must soon be found.

Perhaps Mrs. Worthy has fled for advice to her son, the ostensible parent of her charge.

charge. A woman can but ill repel the lover's advances to her daughter: they who have long forgot the art of love, will but awkwardly caution the virgin mind to avoid its dangerous and intricate paths.

Your uncle's remains wait interment for your arrival. In addition to the sketch I gave you of the sums that had escaped the flames, I find his wealth was very great. I wish to be eased of my charge, and hope to be prepared to meet you, with more welcome tidings of your love.

G. GOODWILL.

WORTHY

W O R T H Y

T O

F O R T E S C U E.

—Place, —, 178—

S I R,

I HAVE been a good deal surpris'd by the receipt of a letter from you, dated Gibraltar; and, while I was determining on a suitable answer, yours to Belinda has been laid before me.

When I consider with what duty, respect, and affection, the young lady you sue for has ever conducted herself towards me, I am at a loss to suppose, from whence you could gather encouragement to entitle you

to

to write to her, or to address me, a perfect stranger to you, on a subject so serious. I have questioned her, and have found her answers uniformly ingenuous and dutiful. She tells me, that you never spoke to her, though you have had opportunities, on the subject of love. You left the kingdom, without giving her a token of that affection, which, were I to give full credit to your letters, you now entertain towards her.

I am not, Sir, one of those rigid and unfeeling guardians, who thwart the affections of youth, or withhold consent, without assigning reasons which will bear the test of investigation. But let not this assertion buoy up your expectation; for the prayer of your letter to me, cannot be granted; nor will that, to the young lady herself, I think myself entitled to affirm, more contribute to the accomplishment of your desires. She has an absent father's will to consult, ere she is competent to refuse or accept a matrimonial offer.

I shall therefore decline any enquiries, as to your family, or expectations. Your own asseverations are sufficiently — more than were required by,

Your obedient Servant,

J. WORTHY.

GOODWILL

G O O D W I L L

T O

F O R T E S C U E

London, —, 178—

AGREEABLE to my surmise, I find that Mrs. Worthy has removed Belinda to her son's, at — Place; but, ere this, in person I hoped to have communicated to you the intelligence.

What, my dear friend, prevents your attendance here?—You, who so late were all impetuosity, and burning with love, when every thing conspired to oppose your passion—and now, that fortune propitiously smiles,

smiles, you appear to slight her favours.

Your uncle's recent confession has revived in my mind, the late general topic on slavery; and, having exhausted information, I shall, for your perusal on your journey, add, a remarkable story of the magnanimity of one of that unfortunate race, which I lately heard related by a West-Indian—

QUASHI, a Slave of Antigua was brought up in the family with his master, as his play-fellow, from childhood. Being a lad of towardly parts, he rose to be driver, or black observer, under his master, when the first post of the plantation fell to him by succession. He retained for his master the tenderness that he felt in childhood for his play-mate; and respect with which the relation of master inspired him, was softened by the affection, which the remembrance of their boyish intimacy kept alive in his breast. He had no separate interests of his own; and when his master was from home, he redoubled his diligence, that his affairs might receive no injury in his absence. In short, here was the most delicate, yet most strong, and seemingly indissoluble tie, that could bind master and slave together.

Though

Though the master had judgment to know when he was well served, and policy to reward good behaviour, yet he was inexorable when a fault was committed; and when there was but an apparent cause of suspicion, he was too apt to suffer prejudice to usurp the place of proof.

Quashi could not exculpate himself to his satisfaction for something done concerning the discipline of the plantation, and was threatened with the ignominious punishment of the *cart-whip*; and he knew his master too well to doubt the performance of his promise.

A negro, who has grown up to manhood without undergoing a solemn cart-whipping, as some by good chance will, especially if distinguished by any accomplishment among his fellows, takes pride in what he calls the smoothness of his skin, it being unraised by the whip; and he would be at more pains, and use more diligence, to escape such cart-whipping, than many of the lower sort would to shun the gallows.

It is not uncommon for a sober good negro to stab himself mortally, because some boy overseer has flogged him for what he reckoned a trifle, or for his caprice, or threatened him with a flogging, when he thought

thought he did not deserve it. Quashi dreaded this mortal wound to his honour, and slipped away unnoticed, with a view to avoid it.

It is usual for slaves who expect to be punished for their own fault, or their master's caprice, to go to some friend of their master's, and beg him to carry them home, and mediate for them. This is found to be so useful, that many masters are glad of the pretence of such mediation, and will secretly procure it, to avoid the necessity of punishing for trifles, it otherwise not being prudent to pass over, without correction, a fault once taken notice of, while by this method an appearance of authority and punishment is kept up, without the severity of it.

Quashi therefore withdrew, resolved to shelter himself, and save the glossy honours of his skin, under favour of this custom, 'till he had an opportunity of applying to an advocate. He lurked among his master's negro huts, and his fellow slaves had too much honour, and too great a regard for him, to betray to their master the place of his retreat. Indeed, it is hardly possible, in any case, to get one slave to inform against another—so much more honour have they than Europeans of low condition.

The

The following day a feast was kept, on account of his master's nephew then coming of age, amidst the good humour of which Quashi hoped to succeed in his application; but before he could execute his design, perhaps just as he was setting out to go, and solicit this mediation, his master, while walking about the fields, fell in with him.

Quashi, on discovering him, ran off; and the master pursued him. A stone, or a clod tripped Quashi up, and his master fell over him. They struggled together on the ground, in which each had been several times uppermost. At last, Quashi got fairly seated on his master's breast, who was now panting, and out of breath; and with his weight, his thighs, and one hand secured him motionless. He then drew out a sharp knife; and, while the other lay in dreadful expectation, helpless, and sinking into himself, he thus addressed him—

“ Master, I was bred up with you from
“ a child. I was your play-mate when a
“ boy. I have loved you as myself. Your
“ interest has been my study. I am innocent of the cause of your suspicion; my
“ attachment to you might have pleaded
“ for me; yet you have condemned me
“ to

“ to a punishment, of which I must have
“ ever borne disgraceful marks.” With
these words he drew the knife, with all
his strength, across his own throat, and
fell down dead without a groan on his
master, bathing him with blood?—Such
greatness of mind is rarely to be found in
low life in any country; and yet men,
possessing such greatness, are SLAVES!—

lord, in whole house the landlord
 We left Portsmouth this morning, and
 by easy stages, that my fellow travellers
 might be enabled to sustain the fatigue of
 travelling, have made this town the extent
 of our day's journey. The morning little
 history in your last moved me much, and
 beguiled Eliza of many tears. She says
 had she been blessed in friendship as we are,
 her shame might have been spared, and her
 misfortunes prevented. Poor injured innocence!—what my friendly aid can do shall
 be exerted, to render my remaining days
 at least beyond the misery of wretched
 want.

G O O D W I L L

I think, my friend, I am acquainted
 with the person of her tyrant ravisher. Oh!
 may the time soon come, when I may be
 enabled to avenge her wrongs!

Guildford, —, 178—

NO, my friend!—I am not tired with
 fortune's favours, but am luxuriantly in-
 dulgung in them. Since the receipt of Be-
 linda's dear letter, I no longer feel those
 painful fears for my success. Though im-
 patience to see her grows insupportable,
 and even should the desire (fond hope!) be
 mutual, yet I am sure she would give one
 day to save poor Eliza—and one day only,
 will the poor girl impede my journey.
 Would you have had me leave her, to be
 again exposed to the brutality of the land-
 lord,

lord, in whose house she languished?—

We left Portsmouth this morning; and by easy stages, that my fellow traveller might be enabled to sustain the fatigue of travelling, have made this town the extent of our day's journey. The affecting little history in your last moved me much, and beguiled Eliza of many tears. She says, had she been blessed in friendship as we are, her shame might have been spared, and her misfortunes prevented. Poor injured innocence!—what my friendly aid can do shall be exerted, to render thy remaining days, at least beyond the misery of wretched want.

I think, my friend, I am acquainted with the person of her tyrant ravisher. Oh! may the time soon serve, when I may be enabled to uplift my arm against him, and revenge her wrongs!—

You will learn all I wish to know of the amiable Belinda from Miss Harriet Hairbrain, who, I am told, is on a visit at Mr. Doyley's in Berkley-Square. I wish you to make an errand to her. As they know each other's secrets, I am not without hopes, that she may, by word or token, confirm the opinion I have formed from her friend's letter.

Do not, my friend, judge my Belinda by the observations that will result from a con-

N

versation

versation with this young lady. Their characters bear not the smallest affinity to each other; and I marvel, when I think on the strict friendship that subsists between them. The one you will find all levity—the other is all sentiment. The one bears the name of a finished coquet—the other is admired for sensibility, and frankness of manner.

I pray you, appoint the payment of the last sacred tribute to the remains of my uncle for to-morrow evening; when I will come prepared to offer my prayers for the peace of his departed soul. This place being distant from London but thirty short miles, we propose being with you early in the day—till when, once more a short adieu!

W. FORTESCUE.

Mrs.

MRS. DOYLEY

BELINDA

Berkley-Square, London, —, 178—

IT was not kindly done, Belinda, to be silent on your departure to Mrs. Worthy's. I hastened Mr. Doyley's promised visit to his friends in London, on your account; and the moment of my arrival, I flew to embrace my friend—but, instead of meeting her, I found a testy old woman in her place,

place, who gave me a *significant* account of a clandestine retreat. She appeared mortified at not being able to tell me the place, of your flight, and more so, when I replied, that I was well acquainted with it; but that I did not think you would have removed for some days.

I can also, from something that has passed this morning, guess the cause of this sudden motion, which would otherwise have left me in conjectures similar to those of the old woman. Prepare yourself to hear what will (for I am sure it would have the effect on me) make your poor heart pant and flutter! — — —

This morning, I was summoned to attend a stranger, who enquired for me at my father Doyley's, in Berkley-Square, where we are on a visit to my new parents. I attended—and was addressed by a grave middle-aged man, who, with a serious and descriptive countenance, prefaced his business, by telling me, that he had a weighty matter to communicate to me, respecting my friend Belinda—Yes, respecting you! —Do not be alarmed, for I must describe the interview in my own way, because the result was *charming*, and I am sure you will say so.

On

On his thus seriously naming you, I must say that I was somewhat alarmed; however, I requested him to proceed; and as near as I can remember, it was thus—

“ I have a much valued friend, whose affections, however unconscious the lady may be of his love, are so deeply engaged to Belinda, that he can no longer exist, without laying his pretensions to her esteem before her. That friend is Mr. Fortescue, who says he was slightly known to you as a lieutenant in the army. There he acquired honour, and the education of a gentleman; and in that situation though by no means a child of fortune, he became enamoured with your friend. From a consciousness of his deficiency of fortune, he long languished under the painful influence of love, without even daring to allow himself the indulgence of communicating his sentiments to the lady.

“ Mr. Fortescue’s fortune, which of late was confined to lieutenant’s pay, has, by the death of a relation, on whom he had no dependance; become affluent; and, to use his own expression, in speaking of your friend Belinda—*Increase of fortune has, if possible, produced increase of love.*”

“ He

“ He is now on his journey home from
 “ Gibraltar, where he bled in the late
 “ siege; but, thank God, is perfectly re-
 “ covered, and to-morrow I hope to see
 “ him. Let me assure you, and with great
 “ truth I can affirm it, that it was not his
 “ late acquisition of fortune which occasi-
 “ oned his return, for the welcome news
 “ reached him since his landing in England
 “ —it was alone for the purpose of gaining
 “ the affections of the object of his love.”
 He concluded by observing, that he who
 addressed me was a clergyman, of the name
 of “ Goodwill.”

——“ What answered did you give ? ”——
*(I am sure this would be your first question, if
 I told you this verbally.)* Why, what answer
 could I give ? — *that in my opinion there was
 no love lost between you.* Not indeed in
 those very words, but precisely to that
 effect; therefore, prepare yourself to meet
 both a father and a lover. It is about an
 equal chance in which of their arms you
 are first caught. Oh! what a flood of
 luxurious tears of joy will there be shed !——
 I would, that I could be present, to partake
 of the luxury !——

But, jesting for a while apart—though I
 hope never to entirely lose the happiness
 resulting from vivacity—I think, my dear
 friend,

friend, for I am inclined to give full credit to this holy man's assertions, that you are in the fair way of becoming the happiest of our sex, in an union with a man, who has proved himself a virtuous example of the constancy of love. Oh! how my Doyley will value the friendship of a man—and how ardently I wish to salute him as the husband of my dear Belinda!—

I do not, notwithstanding, blame the conduct of Mr. Worthy. His care over you has ever appeared to supersede every other concern; and from thence results that conduct, in which you think he deals hardly with you. Often have I witnessed in him the fond solitudes of the parent over you—nay, have envied the blessing you ever must have felt under his protection; and have even drawn comparisons to the treatment I experienced from my father.

Mr. Worthy knows not the worth of Fortescue; or, if he did, is there not one, who has a prior right to be consulted, in whatever concerns your happiness? His care over you is only delegated, though his affection may be permanent.

If Mr. Goodwill's visit to me is followed by one from Fortescue, I shall immediately dispatch him to — Place. You cannot, in my opinion, be rendered a greater service by,

Your affectionate friend,

HARRIET DOYLEY.

BELINDA

if Mr. Goodwill's visit to me is followed
by one from Fortescue, I shall immediately
dispatch him to — Place. You cannot
in my opinion, be rendered a greater ser-

vice by
I think not to omit to say, an invitation
to Mr. Fortescue, which commenced con-
sidering his interest, and which I consider

B E L I N D A
the situation is possible, and I have
interest in his late daughter, Dorothea

I need not add, in this connection, that
I have not, I fear, been able to do much
more as the friends needed, to her friends.

M R S. D O Y L E Y.

— Place, —, 178—

SPARE me, my friend, yet a little longer.
—Spare me this interview!—

Preparations are already making here, to
receive my father—let me, I pray you, be
somewhat recovered from the effects of pa-

nal meeting, before I undergo another, where embarrassment will usurp the place of filial affection; and perhaps produce equal distress.

I blush not to own to you, an attachment to Mr. Fortescue, which commenced on our first interview; and though I considered the attainment of my hopes afar off, if not absolutely impossible, yet I ever felt an interest in his fate, far surpassing that produced from friendship.

I need not add, to this confession. My Harriet will, I fear not, render such assistance as she thinks needful, to her friend,

BELINDA —

FORTESCUE

FORTESCUE

GOODWILL.

Place, —, 178—

MY DEAR GOODWILL,

METHINKS Cupid lent me his wings, and that I was wafted by them to the presence of my love; for I remember not a circumstance that can convince me I travelled like other mortals.

With

With trembling steps I advanced to Mr. Worthy's door, and in a faltering voice demanded of the servant an interview with his master. I would not wish my direst foe to experience what I felt on his approach—his aspect was gentle, and his manners mild; or I could not, I think, have supported myself.

After stammering out my name, I proceeded, in disjointed sentences, to tell him—that since I had the honour of addressing him, a fortuitous circumstance had occurred to me, which might, in some measure, apologise for my waiting on him; and to the relation of which I besought his attention.

He answered, that as I had been brought up in the paths of honour, he would deal with me by those principles; and therefore he doubted not but that I would desist in the pursuit I was on, the moment I was convinced of its impracticability. "That," continued he, "cannot be known but from the mouth of the father of Belinda, of whose arrival I am in hourly expectation, when I shall resign my care and authority over her." For this reason, he added, that he was prevented from offering

fering me accommodation, and a bed ; but that I might find both two miles farther, and return to him about noon the next day, when he would introduce me to the father of Belinda, and then I might know his resolves. In the mean time, as the colonel had appointed that evening for his arrival, he would, he said, candidly relate to him all that had passed between us. I expressed a wish for a sight of my love ; but upon his urging my return as he proposed, with a heavy heart I re-entered my chaise, and ordered to be driven where Mr. Worthy had directed.

The night you may suppose passed but heavily—it was, in truth, the saddest I have known since I first saw Belinda. The day at last dawned, and I sprang from my weary bed ; but yet found many tedious hours must revolve ere I could return to Mr. Worthy's. How to beguile the time I knew not—once I took up the pen, in hopes of diverting my mind in writing to you ; but it could not even thus be driven from its bent—then I sallied out towards the woods, but returned ere I had approached their skirts.

Time

Time at last presented the appointed hour; and, full of hope and fear, I was driven again to — Place, where Mr. Worthy met my approach. I earnestly enquired his opinion on my fate, and was answered, that Belinda's father arrived, while my chaise was yet in sight, and that he only allowed him time sufficient to indulge the feelings of a parent, when he disclosed my business to him. That his answer was such as might be expected from an affectionate father; and that he believed the daughter's choice, if governed by prudence, would never be violently opposed by the parent.

He had scarce uttered these words, for before I could express my gratitude, his visitor's approach was announced. O my friend, how wonderful is my fate!—The father of Belinda entered the room, in the person of my respected patron, Colonel Garton!— —

A mutual doubt of the evidence of our eyes took place—we stood for a moment surveying each other in agonising suspense—when springing towards him, I was received in his arms, and long locked in his embrace, ere a word passed.—At length,
my

my revered friend and patron thus broke silence—

“This, Mr. Worthy, is indeed a son,
“and he whom I most wish to know by
“that tender appellation. O my dear
“Fortescue!—was it for my daughter,
“the orphan Belinda, that I have witness-
“ed your sufferings?—Oh! why did you
“conceal the object of your faithful love,
“to one who held you dear?—Why not
“reveal to me your inmost secret?—I
“could have administered comfort and
“happiness, by telling you, that of all
“men I should prefer you as a son. Nay,
“as I marked the progress of your love,
“I prayed fortune to direct such a lover
“to my child.”

The colonel, in an effusion of joy, now embraced Mr. Worthy, and then hastened with the happy tidings to his daughter. He soon returned, telling us, “that the
“dear girl, scarce half recovered from
“the effects of the meeting of yesterday
“was ill prepared for another, and had
“retired to her chamber. You must,
“my dear boy,” turning to me, “wait
“—she is worth a little patience.”

Such

Such was the meeting with Belinda's father—but you must, my friend, imagine that which took place between the lovers, for no language can do it justice.

This is but the third day of our arrival, and yet do I summon you to lend your aid, in the administration of your holy function; for we cannot brook delay, where consent was obtained, ere sued for. I pray you then haste, for it is our mutual wish, that you should render our happiness permanent.

But in the midst of the bliss I experience in the sweet society of my Belinda, I must not lose memory of poor Eliza. Fortune often deals out her favours in extremes, or it would not so soon have fallen to my lot, in the road to my own happiness, to soften the rigour of her distress.

The morning after my arrival in town, as I returned from the army office, where I went to execute some commissions for my brother officers, and in a moment when this wretched girl's fate alone occupied my thoughts, in passing the Admiralty,

ty, I accidentally jostled a naval officer. Turning round to pay the compliment due on such an occasion, I fancied I saw in him the murderer of poor Eliza's peace of mind. Strongly impressed with this idea, I advanced to him, and enquired whether his name was B——? He answered in the affirmative. "Then, Sir, returned I, "you must favour me with "your company, on an affair which can- "not be entered upon in the street." He appeared embarrassed, but acquiesced; and we went together to the Salopian Coffee-House, being the nearest house of public resort.

Having secured a private room, I began by interrogating him as to his belonging to the —— man of war. He told me, that he had lately been a lieutenant in that ship, but had procured an exchange, owing to her being ordered on a station, which was not congenial to his health. I then asked him, if he was not acquainted with Miss Eliza ——, of Exeter? At this question, he was greatly embarrassed—I therefore proceeded by telling him, that I was the friend of that unfortunate young lady and her family, and

and that, as I knew every thing which had passed between them, he could render atonement for the wrongs he had done her, but two ways—the one, by an immediate marriage—and the other, by giving me such satisfaction as her injured honour required. I added, that as it required no time for determination, I waited his answer. Lieutenant B——, like every man under the influence of a base act, as it were, shrunk within himself, and declared, that want of fortune alone caused his baseness: observing, that the young lady had not the expectancy of a shilling.

Though this was an excuse, base as his whole conduct to her, yet, knowing I could meet the objection, I was glad to admit it; I therefore demanded to know, whether he would consummate the promised marriage, without further hesitation, if her portion should amount to one thousand pounds? He replied, but with much meanness of spirit, that upon such terms he would marry her. I then informed him, that since he had abandoned her to the world, a large legacy had been left her. On this, joy sparkled in his eyes; but

but it was of a description, that immediately determined me *to secure to her* the sum with which I mean to purchase her peace of mind.

You will therefore, my dear Goodwill, as Eliza is not of the age required by law to obtain a licence, publish the banns, before you leave town, for I have sufficiently ensured B——'s performance of solemnization; and in the mean time I think she may content herself in the situation we have procured for her.

This complete, your church preferment effected, and my commission disposed of—I think, blessed with my Belinda, one of the happiest mortals in this world will be,

Your sincere friend,

W. FORTESCUE.

P. S. My

P. S. My Belinda requires you to tell her happiness to her friend Mrs. Doyley; and that her presence, with the family in Berkley-Square, will contribute, in no small degree, to the happiness of our wedding-day.

MISS BELINDA GARTON,

ON HER

WEDDING DAY,

FROM THE

FRIEND OF HER INTENDED HUSBAND,

G. GOODWILL.

ASSUME my Verse thy wonted art,
 Whilst all in expectation stand ;
 Canst thou not paint the willing heart,
 That coyly gives the trembling hand ?

Canst

Canst thou not summon from the sky
Soft Venus, and her snowy Doves?
Mark!—in an easy yoke they fly,
An emblem of unwearied loves!

All trembling now and pale with fear;
Look not, thou SWEETNESS, thus forlorn;
She smiles!—and now such tints appear,
As steal upon the silver morn.

Quick, HYMEN, to the Temple lead!
CUPID, thy victory pursue!
In blushes rose the conscious maid,
Trust me, she'll set in blushes too.
Well may the lover fondly gaze
On thy bright cheek!—thy bloom of
youth!
Impatient of the calmer praise,
Of sweetness, innocence, and truth.

Yet these shall to the latest hour,
 These only shall secure thy bliss,
 When the pale lip has lost its power,
 These shall give nectar to the kiss.

THE END.



